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VOGUE

Spring fashion tip sheet

marvellous day looks...

fantasy legs and feet...

new ways to wear a shirt

Bargains in chic

What makes the body fit the fashion now

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I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA NAN DUSKIN, PHILADELPHIA ROSEN-ENGELSON, ST. PAUL

Plaza



Collections



A Collective Crispness $250

built on long gliding curves, puts this costume into the news picture for Spring. Its jacket—longer and leaner—narrows in on a slim but easy-breathing dress. Its fabric—a fresh, crisply textured French rayon—tailors magnificently. Done for us by Adele Simpson in black, brown or navy, with laced-up buttoning bound in beige. Sizes 8 to 16.

Plaza Collections, Fourth Floor

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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Our own Sophie's springtimed suit—a brief jacket and sharply pleated skirt tailored of black and white checked Italian wool, the white Swiss spun rayon blouse framed with rickrack, $455. Suit Collections.



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FEBRUARY 15, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

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BERT STERN

COVER: Tip sheet on how to tie a scarf into one of the prettiest hats this spring—moth-wing petals of organza on a high natural straw dome—all the pale golden tones of beige reflected in the shining face of the wearer. Pale-beige Haze shadow stroked on the brow, a touch of Spun Silver on the lid. On the lips, the glisten of Pink Azalea "Luminante" lipstick. Make-up by Scandia. Scarfed hat by Mr. John. Also at Nan Duskin; Hovland-Swanson; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

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from the
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by

Oleg Cassini

at smart stores in the
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Spring forecast...the worldly double-breasted look that is effective beginning now. Superb wool herringbone twill; belted back. From our Tribout Collection.
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Be an impressionist yourself. Create an impression of beautiful radiance with the new rosy subterfuge, Color Veil. Fluff it on swiftly with a soft artist's brush. Bring a glorious glow to cheek and chin. Above your brow and under. Tip it to your earlobes and the round of your neck. Renoir's palette was a complexity of color. Today's impressionists choose from five delicate nuances of Color Veil.

Elizabeth Arden

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Wouldn't you know the who's who in shoes would be first with the what's what in fashion. Jacqueline brings back blue-jade from India, spring's two most provocative shades...the fashion feel...the Maharani mood for spring. Left: Slender polished navy, beautifully bowed in grosgrain. Right (top to bottom): Shimmering Baby Ganges tamed with



pearly contrast; shining navy, little heeled, perfectly poised; softly shirred, texture and smooth with open back. Most styles $13 to $15. At Emporium, St. Paul; Korricks, Phoenix; Steinfeld's, Tucson; Younkers of Iowa; Bergner's, Peoria; Meis, Terre Haute; Holmes, Baton Rouge; The Globe, Scranton; and other leading stores.

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Satin, kid or silk...which best expresses you?

Satin, Kid, Silk Laid . . . these are the names of a few of our finishes. Because they're so accurately named, you can imagine, to a slight degree, what the papers are like. But you simply must see them and feel them to decide which pays the nicest compliment to your individuality.

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This marvelous coat by Tiffeau & Busch with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

To begin with, note the wool mark. It tells you about the fabric. That it's the world's best . . . pure wool. The Tiffeau & Busch flair for elegance is obvious in this strictly-shaped coat with soft detailing. The fabric choice—exciting white worsted gabardine. A pure wool that responds easily to the designer's hand, to your every movement with grace. Go elegant. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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For cocktails that purr... the gentle touch
of Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.
Extra Dry for silken smooth Martinis,
Sweet for superb Manhattans. This serene Vermouth*
is the nation's favorite—naturally!

*Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.



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Bergdorf Goodman, New York; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Jos. Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland

The mark of a knowing woman

This exciting costume by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

The way of knowing: the wool mark. When you see it you know the fabric's the world's best... pure wool. Bill Blass chooses white worsted twill, adds an accent of navy, to bring you a new ease and softness in the tailored costume. A pure wool that carries out a designer's intentions with élan. Pure, soft, supple, shape-holding wool. To know you're getting the best, look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc. to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.

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Bur-Mil



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Next time a run fouls you up, consider this: slinky little Cameos last at least a third longer. One reason is runguards at the toes and up top. Another, more stitches to the inch. Those extra stitches, incidentally, give these sheers a fabulously silky richness. Want a stocking that can give you extra wear when you need it? Get Cameos. In all the right colors. For just 1.35 **Get Cameos.**



Bonwit Teller, New York; John Doyle Bishop, Seattle; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland

The mark of a particular woman

This distinctive dress by Anthony Blotta with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Worthy of note . . . the wool mark. When you see it, you know the fabric is the world's best . . . pure wool. For this beguiling design, Anthony Blotta chooses Naked Wool in a black and white check. Light-as-air Naked Wool. Comfortable in any climate. Easily shaped into a chic two-part dress, bias-cut and softly-tailored. So capable at keeping up appearances. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

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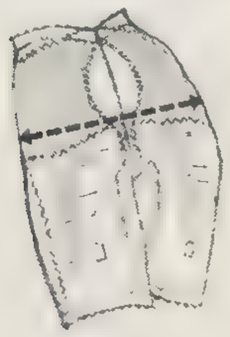
No Gentleman will read this ad!

This is strictly for the ladies.
To explain why FORTUNA "SUCCESS" fits like no other girdle, it may be necessary to use terms a bit delicate for mixed company. We don't intend to mince words, so, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE TURN THE PAGE!

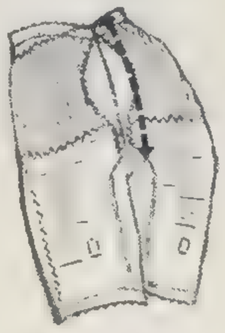


Good. We're alone.

Now, ladies, about your figure. You must realize it's not perfect. "Perfect" doesn't exist. Every figure is different. That's why many of you suffer bunching at the waist (girdle too long) or



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Patent 2,966,912

Bonwit Teller; Jos. Magnin, West Coast; H. P. Selman's, Louisville, Ky.

The mark of a pampered woman

This spectacular suit by Teal Traina with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

The best of everything: fabric that bears the wool mark, the mark of the world's best . . . pure wool. The design by the inspired Teal Traina, a squander of chic for spring. A striking worsted tri-color plaid . . . bias-cut, artfully balanced to give you the tailored look with a new softness. A softness of line, of look, of feel that only pure wool can give, only pure wool can keep. Pamper yourself a little. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

**This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**

Her stockings cost much more than ordinary stockings.

Last year American women bought millions of them.



Why?

Let's face it. No woman plunks down a lot more money without getting a lot more for it. And when a few million women are happy to pay a handsome price for a flimsy-looking pair of nylons, there must be a few not-so-flimsy reasons for it. And there are:

1 The way all-nylon Supp-hose Regular feels is worth a million dollars (so it must be worth $4.95). That wonderful Supp-hose feeling actually lets you do more. And get a lot more out of whatever you do. How is it done? With Supp-hose Regular's famous two-way support—that has never been duplicated. This pleasantly firm support buoys a woman throughout her busiest days—and biggest nights.

2 The way Supp-hose Regular looks makes you feel like a million. They're really sheer. And we do mean sheer enough to go anywhere. Beautifully. Your dressiest dress is in good company when it's seen with Supp-hose Regular.

3 The way Supp-hose Regular wears will make you feel like you're saving a million. Oh, how Supp-hose Regular wears! And wears. And wears. Because they're all nylon. No other fiber is as strong! Your initial investment in Supp-hose Regular all-nylon stockings has soon paid you unbelievable dividends in savings. In fact, just one pair can outwear ordinary nylons as much as 14 to 1!

No wonder so many women buy Supp-hose Regular. Do you? **Supp-hose® Stockings**

Another fine product of ® Kayser-Roth



Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash. D.C.; Harzfeld s, Kansas City; Nicholas Ungar, Portland, Oregon; Dayton's, Minneapolis

The mark of an uncompromising woman

This superb suit by Adele Simpson with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Nothing but the best. That's what the wool mark says. Says that the fabric is the world's best...pure wool. Here, Adele Simpson adroitly fashions a lightweight menswear worsted into a crisp little suit with an unexpected dressmaker look. In grey or beige. A pure wool that welcomes shaping, holds its line and looks. That feels like nothing else can in your hand, on your body. Don't compromise. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

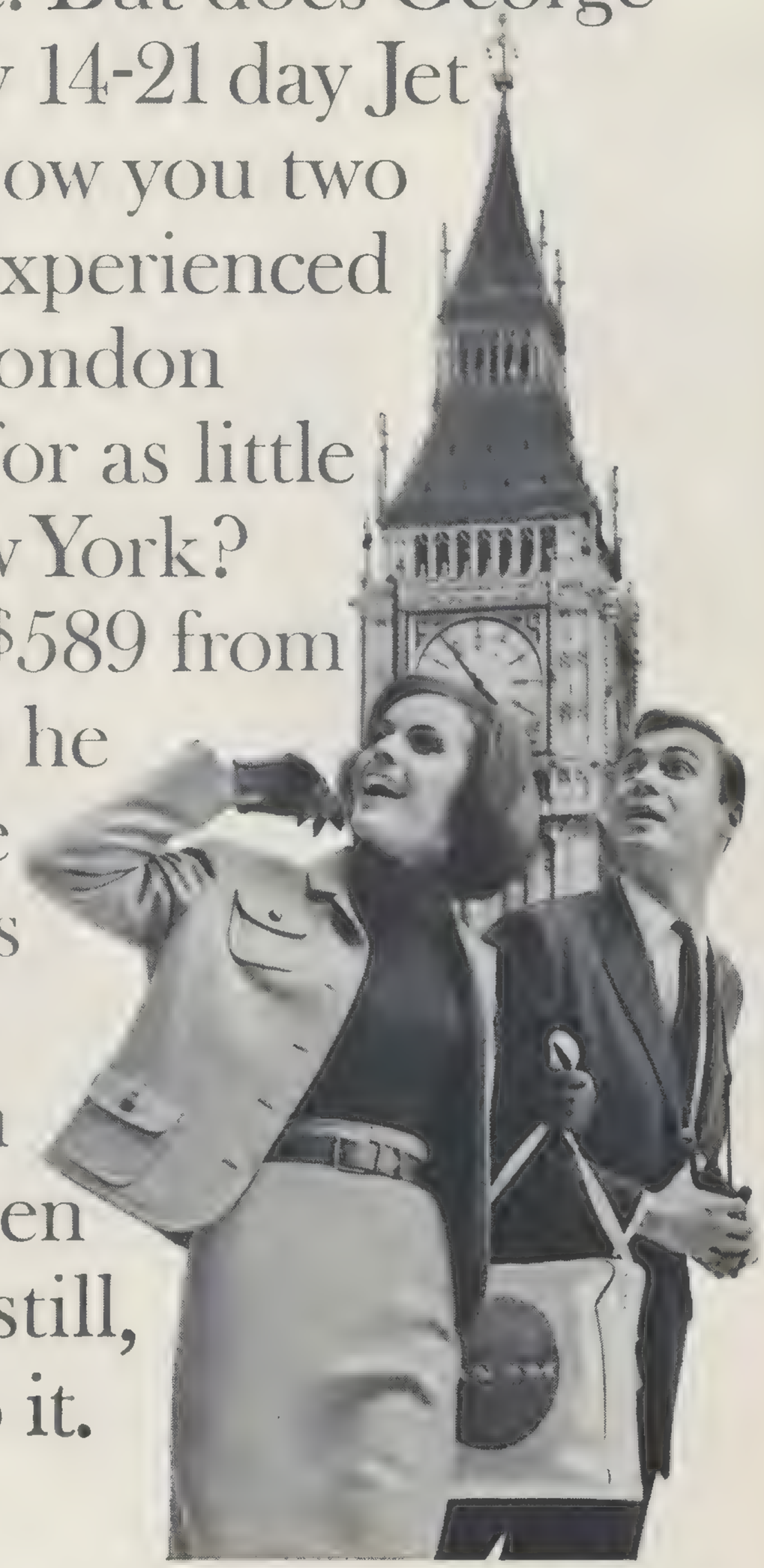
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to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**



Europe? George says we can't afford it. And you know George.

Sure, we know George. But does George know about our low 14-21 day Jet economy fares? Does he know you two can fly the World's Most Experienced Airline round trip to London this spring or this summer for as little as $300 each from New York? Or $375 from Chicago? Or $589 from Los Angeles? And does he know he can charge the tickets with his American Express credit card? Give him the particulars, then give us a call. Better still, let George do it.

PAN AM





I. Magnin, West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Dayton

The mark of a demanding woman

This perfect suit by Geoffrey Beene with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

The wool mark. That's where the perfection begins. It tells you the fabric is the world's best . . . pure wool. Geoffrey Beene selected a soft navy worsted mesh to meet the demands of his new easy-swinging, long-jacketed suit. A pure wool that drapes, shapes, tailors as a designer wills it. That keeps its good looks, holds its line, feels as soft as a demanding woman wants it. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

**This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**



You've seen her somewhere before. She's a lady on the move. Travels in style wherever she goes. Headed for a rendezvous in Rio, or chauffeuring the cub scouts, she wears stockings by Lady B.V.D. She expects perfection and finds it in the sheer flattery of Lady B.V.D. stockings. At dependable stores across the country. Look for them.

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Palter de Liso's "black tie" shoe, about $30.00, at: Best & Co., Portland; B. Forman, Rochester. Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Levy's, Memphis; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Smart Shop, Houston; Volk's, Dallas.



Have a sip of sherry! Justin McCarty's tangy off-white three piece suit is spiked with a sherry brown blouse, dashingly accented with black and white. Softly tailored in textured rayon and silk. Also, black with sherry, or blue with white. Sizes from 8 to 18. About $60.

DAYTON'S
Minneapolis

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

February 15

Nailing down the perfume

Over more, overall, goes fragrance. This time around, a nail enamel that not only proposes to be acceptably scented but to be a positive item of perfume—to scent the hands lastingly while it dresses the nails. The happening: a braintrust of parfumeurs and nail enamellers merged in behalf of Cutex to find their way to "Nail ac'Scents." The outcome: eight differently-perfumed polishes, stretching from clear rhinestone through the pales to a brilliant pink. Interestingly enough, in a small, surreptitious poll we took, the two palest shades got the nod. One was Platinum, a flickering white with the aroma of a sweetened orchard; the other, Champagne, a frosted beige, scented like a vine in flower. The fragrance makes itself known five minutes after application—and not *until,* unless you sniff first at the telltale band thoughtfully wrapped around the bottle. How long will it last? An average of twenty-four hours hands in and out of water, said the Cutex people. Our panel agreed on the time element, with reservations about the amount of hot water and soap the fragrance could survive. . . . Will it catch on? Listen to the story of an earlier Cutex foray into unusual aromatics. Introduced in July, an eight-course menu of fruit-flavored Cutex lipsticks has racked up a sales record of over eight million units. That's one million a month, as we read it.

Anniversary waltz: the instant wrinkle removers

Exactly one year ago this issue we reported in this same column the entry on the national market of the instant, albeit temporary, wrinkle-erasing lotions. Wall Street took notice of the event—there was stock action. The government had certain objections—as usual Wall Street reflected. At a scientific symposium, a dermatologist made the statement, which we quoted October 1, that fifty percent of the women using it liked the stuff. The AMA had a whirl at it, reported thus in November: "Bovine serum albumin products are safe for use on the human skin and cause temporary physical surface changes." . . . Throughout, certain shops and salons in certain towns and cities admitted to a quiet, steady following. Vogue's opinion: unchanged since a year ago. For some faces, particularly those given to dryness and feathery lines, this is a nice little treatment, before or after make-up. Dramatic—but subtly, not violently, just as a good piece of theatre.

Eyelashing: the on and off of it

We recently overheard at the egg foo yong table next to ours where sat two college types, "and then we had this really *retarded* English exam, so I just can't see how I'm going to get to that eyelash place this week. . . ." This seemed rather cinching confirmation of one cosmetics giant's statement: "False eyelashes are the hottest thing in eye make-up at the moment." But in false eyelashery there remains, beyond the problem of getting them on, the problem of cleaning. . . . For embarkation on application, see an expert, who will know the real trick is in cutting lashes to the correct size for the wearer's eyes. Once the pattern has been cut, you can duplicate on subsequent sets of lashes. . . . Important: Handle with tweezers, not fingers. . . . About cleansing. Since the favoured glue, Johnson & Johnson Duo surgical adhesive, tends in time to cause eyelashes to resemble a third-grader's fringe of bangs that have somehow tangled with a long-loved piece of chewing gum, we turned to Evelyn Marshall, the most eyelash-experienced person we know, who told us this: "When you've begun to see a gummy pile-up of adhesive, take the lashes off, fill a small saucer with cleaning fluid—lighter fluid will do—and drop the lashes in." Next directive—fluff lashes dry in a towel. Treasuring our eyes, of which there are only two to a customer, we asked Miss Marshall whether she didn't agree that a bath to remove the cleaning fluid might not be a bad idea. She did agree. Wrap lashes around a pencil stem, wash gently with mild soap and water applied with a clean mascara brush, stroking in the direction in which the lashes "grow." Rinse, dry in towel. If you want to lessen the curly upsweep, press flat in a book a few minutes.

Skin Life

by Helena Rubinstein



Now! For <u>you</u>...the woman who wants to see definite beauty results!

Skin Life Cream
Helena Rubinstein's most luxurious night cream...the one night cream that brings beneficial herbal elements and bio-natural extracts into instant contact with dry, fatigued skin. You will see new radiance, freshness, and a more youthful look. Tonight, experience the beauty transformation Skin Life® Cream can bring you! 10.00, 17.50

Skin Life Emulsion
Of course, you will want to continue Skin Life care during the day with Skin Life Emulsion...delightfully light, creamy liquid that moisturizes invisibly under your make-up, helps correct skin dryness, keeps your complexion looking marvelously fresh. Your skin will respond beautifully, with glowing, youthful radiance, all day! 10.00, 17.50



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A posh pair from Lily of France, of course. The bra—a beautiful little nothing that does everything *for you! Cups and straps are fashioned of the very finest imported ecru lace. The girdle—Nylon and Lycra® spandex appliqued with matching lace flowerlets. Controls you from mid-section to thighs with loving firmness. And it's lightly boned at the sides for a Scarlett O'Hara waistline. Nothing could be finer. Ecru lace on white or black. The bra; $15.00. The girdle; $27.50.*

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WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

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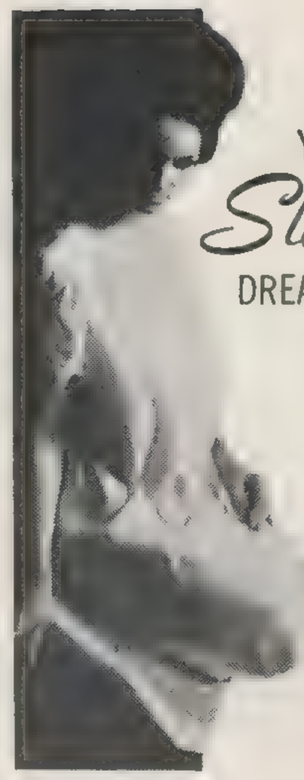
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Polyunsaturated, within and without?



Although the FDA takes a dim view of any of the possibilities of polyunsaturated fats in foods being publicly celebrated, there is a persistent promise in the word polyunsaturated. The promise has invaded the free-flowing world of cosmetics, notably in a group of skin benefactors called Polyderm, the interesting work of Prince Matchabelli. . . . Experimental animal diet programs have shown that polyunsaturated foods give the beasts a shinier, smoother coat. And ointments containing polyunsaturated fatty acids have been found, in clinical research, to improve, even wipe out, certain severe human skin misdemeanours. . . . What the polyuns, inside and out, will do for a normal skin going about its relentless business of aging has not been definitively substantiated, but Polyderm so far has helped a number of dry skins we know to regain a smooth, freshly moist appearance. Of all the Matchabelli Polyderms—Moisturizer, Extra Deep Skin Cleanser, foaming Skin Freshener, and Bath Oil—the original and the most famous is Polyderm Compensating Cream for Face and Throat. Used as a night cream and as a film under morning make-up, Compensating Cream proposes to keep natural moisture from escaping, to replace the natural oils that, naturally, get lost. Polyderm Moisturizer is, in a way, Compensating Cream in liquid form for those who prefer the splash to the dab. A tidy feature of Polyderm Cleanser: it can be rinsed off with warm water. Polyderm Bath Oil takes care of what parts of the body the facial manoeuvres don't get at. . . . For a skin whose get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went, this might just be a return journey to mint condition. (More Ready Beauty on page 44.)



YOU'LL FIND
Sleep-ease
DREAM ENSEMBLES

shown on opposite page

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Why does Breck Creme Rinse have the secret of coconut oil?

Ask any Tahitian girl.

Any Tahitian girl knows how to untangle freshly washed hair—make it *instantly* manageable. Her secret? Coconut oil.

What this centuries-old secret does for her, Breck Creme Rinse with the *secret of coconut oil* will do for you. Put your hair on its best behavior. Give it smoothness, body and lustre.

Breck Creme Rinse is easy to use. Just follow the directions below.



Shampoo. Rinse. Add Breck Creme Rinse to warm water. Pour through hair. What a feeling! Like liquid silk.



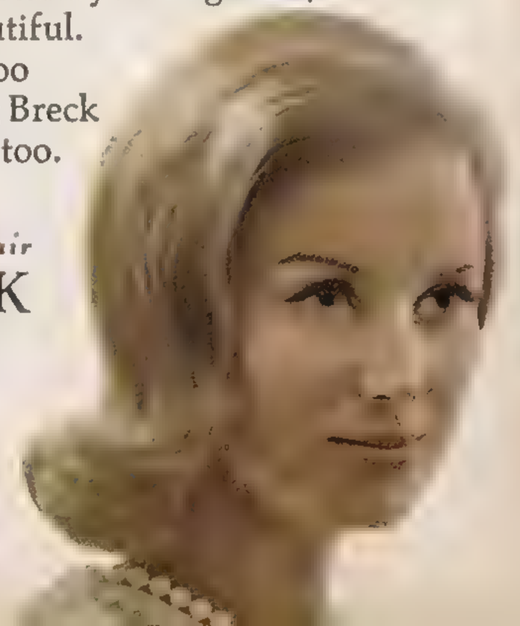


Massage through hair. Rinse thoroughly. Comb and set. See how smooth—no tangles, no snarls.

The result?
Hair that is instantly manageable, instantly beautiful.
Never shampoo without using Breck Creme Rinse, too.

Beautiful Hair
BRECK

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Decor by Janet Taylor

Gentle curves Smoothie "Slimlook" shapes the natural look of gentle curves. A smooth, supple waist; softly molded hips; a prettily rounded back. All lightly done with power net and the lively molding power of nylon and "Lycra"* spandex. In white, sizes 26-34, $18. Matching girdle, $17; waistline styles, $12.50 and $14. Bra, $6. The Strouse, Adler Company, New Haven, Connecticut.

Smoothie® "Slimlook"®

*Du Pont trademark

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

On the tractability of hair

The introduction of a new hair treatment by an old-line hair company led us to explore that company's origins. As so many businesses bud, so did it—with a few cauldrons of remarkable brew and a few friends to try it. . . . As so many businesses blossom, so did it. The quick take of its formulae brought in the friends' friends and their friends. Now the eminently hair-worthy colourings and treatments of the House of L'Oréal (which started fifty-five years ago, not in a house but in a Paris flat) flow smoothly and swiftly through the salons of 112 countries. . . . In the New York clinic, Miss Amelia, head instructor of the L'Oréal American schools, rules with the hand of a martinet, talks as firmly about the materials she deals with. . . . "Most people need hair colouring of some kind," said she. "Nature isn't always right about hair colour, but L'Oréal *is*." To be right about the some fifty shades of hair hue L'Oréal offers, she pointed out, the laboratories work them out on pigmented hair as opposed to white, no-colour hair, each shade of tint in three different types of creaminess determined by what the head under consideration suggests to the L'Oréal hair analyst. . . . She stressed the fine demarcation points amidst the stable of L'Oréal conditioners. "Our mothers administered their own hot oil treatments and brushed their hair a hundred strokes a night. Who does anything like that today? Conditioners do—more easily." Of the conditioners she recommends to keep hair healthy and wealthy in body and gloss, the newest is Emulsion Riche; it gets combed in after shampoo, ten minutes later gets rinsed away with warm water. Emulsion Riche joins Régé Tress, a conditioner for lustre-lacking hair that doesn't hold a set but is not necessarily damaged; Kirone for overbleached limpness, before or after tint, bleach, or permanent; Traital to help, and make docile, badly-abused hair; Oleocap, given in a series of five applications if hair's in a state of emergency. . . . Hair pomades, according to Miss Amelia, are overlooked as managerial talent, should come back into general use. "Most women make a mistake, use too much pomade, then wonder why they don't like it." She noted that L'Oréal Hair Creme, a matter enriched with Azulene not only to polish the hair but keep its set longer in working order, should be administered by no more than a small, pearl-sized globule. . . . Miss Amelia's word on shampooing: "Forget that business about the once-a-week shampoo. No such thing as shampooing too frequently if you want shine and freshness. Look how Mary Martin washed that man out of her hair every night." . . . L'Oréal hair colours and treatments, as well as cosmetics, can be purchased in some 40,000 U. S. salons.

■ Little-heel city sophisticate . . . "Gemini", the tailored social shoe that mixes beautifully with everything spring . . . adds its young, lithe, cushioned feeling to days that call for dashing. Socialites shapes it of soft, supple luxury leather . . . sets it briskly on a brief stacked heel.

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HERE I AM

ALL ME—NATURALLY

"No mask like open truth to cover lies,
As to go naked is the best disguise."



1



2



3

4

Breathing easy (1) : a camisole
of tricot skirted by taffeta.
By Henson Kickernick, in nylon tricot,
Dacron-and-Antron nylon. $6. Altman's.
Going the rounds (2) : a brief cling
of a pantie, contour-backed.
By Venus, of Chemstrand spandex.
About $7. At Bloomingdale's.
Giving its all (3), and giving where
it counts. Slip by Fischer, in
Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $15. Altman's.
Stretch a leg (4) in a knit pantie
swinging free from a contour seam.
By Nemo, in Chemstrand spandex.
About $6. At Bloomingdale's.
The long view (5) : backless brassière
of net and Lycra. Rudi Gernreich
for Exquisite Form, in nylon tricot
and Lycra. $9. Altman's.
In the clear (6) : bare as nothing
at all—just a dart here, a wire there.
By Surprise, in nylon. $5. Altman's.
Separatist movement (7)—openly
divided and secretly wired. By Lilyette,
in nylon marquisette. $7. Bonwit Teller.
The bare outline (8) : nylon lace
buoyanced by wire and backed by
power net of Lycra. By Perma-Lift.
About $6. At Bloomingdale's.
Back Drop (9) : Lace brassière, low at
the back. By Maidenform, wired nylon
lace, nylon marquisette. $5. Macy's.
The eighth veil (10)—all but invisible.
By Poirette; nylon marquisette—
with lace. About $4. Bonwit Teller.

5



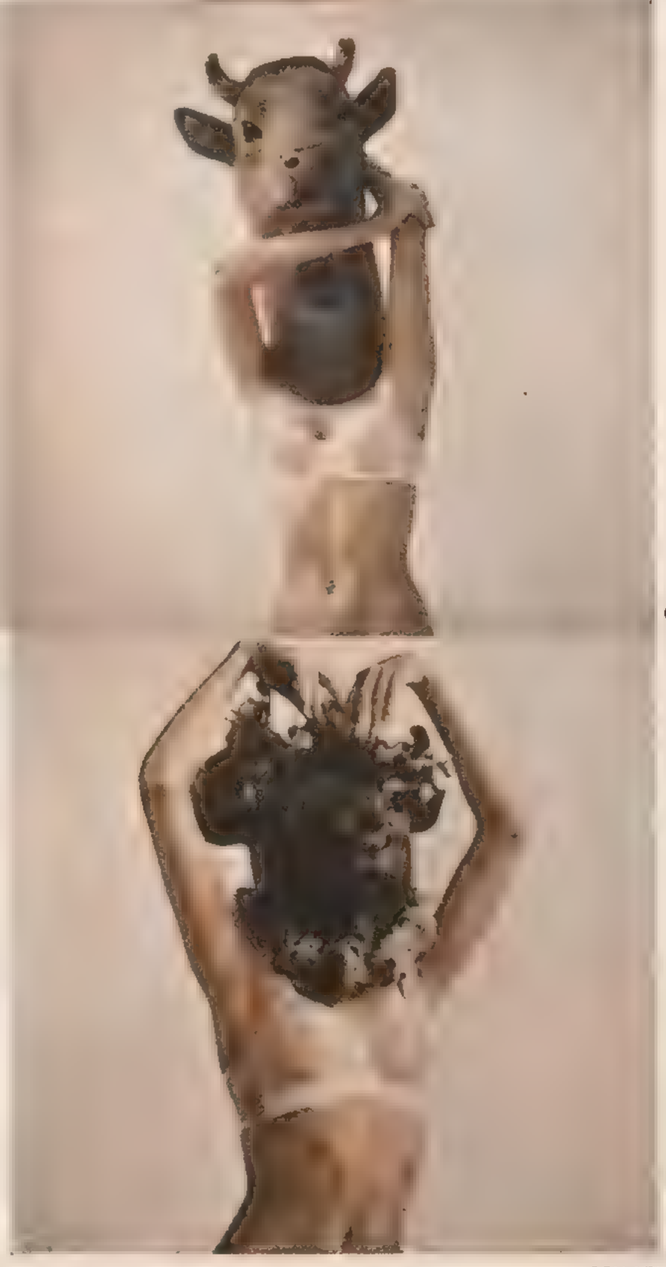
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7



8



9

10



for the lass with the delicate skin

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Almay is an exciting new beauty experience—a panorama of utterly feminine, customized cosmetics for the glow of glamour without grief! See the entire extensive line: creams, powders, ultra-creamy lipsticks and exotic eye make-up in fashion's most favored shades, nail polish, deodorant, shampoo, hair spray—sophisticated, yet gentle to delicate skin. At better cosmetic, drug and department stores. Exclusive, but not expensive.
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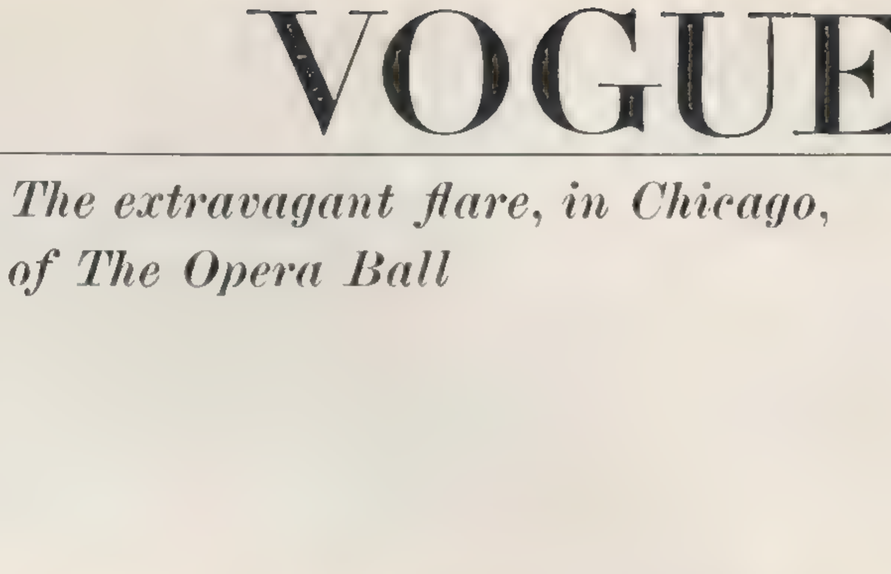
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In gold threaded flacon with velvet sack

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VOGUE'S

The extravagant flare, in Chicago, of The Opera Ball



1

No pastels here, no shades of grey; this, the opening night of the Lyric Opera, was (and is traditionally) Chicago's Big Night, and everything in sight was as arresting as a trumpet fanfare. There even was a trumpet fanfare. Flourishes from *Aïda* and *Tannhäuser* sounded as nine hundred guests, darting directly from the performance of *Il Trovatore*, entered the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel for the Ball to benefit the Lyric Opera. There, like small, glowing islands, each table bore tapered black candles surrounded by clusters of vermilion carnations and orange and purple bird-of-paradise flowers. Soon, from an anteroom filled with orange trees, the parade burst—members of the cast (more fanfare) joined members of the Women's Board



2

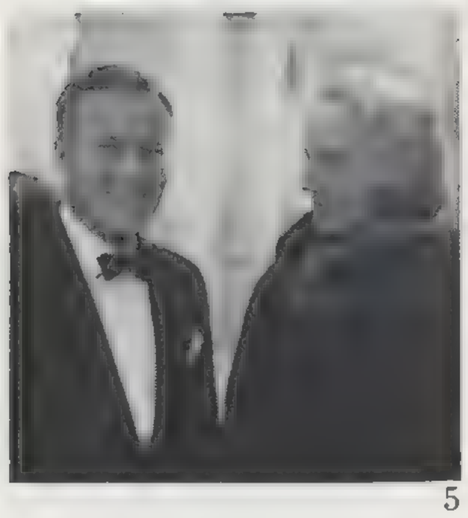


3

NOTEBOOK



4



5



6

of the Lyric Opera. Before long, the rhetorical musical question of the evening rang from Meyer Davis, flanked by his orchestra and Tropicana roses: "Shall We Dance?"

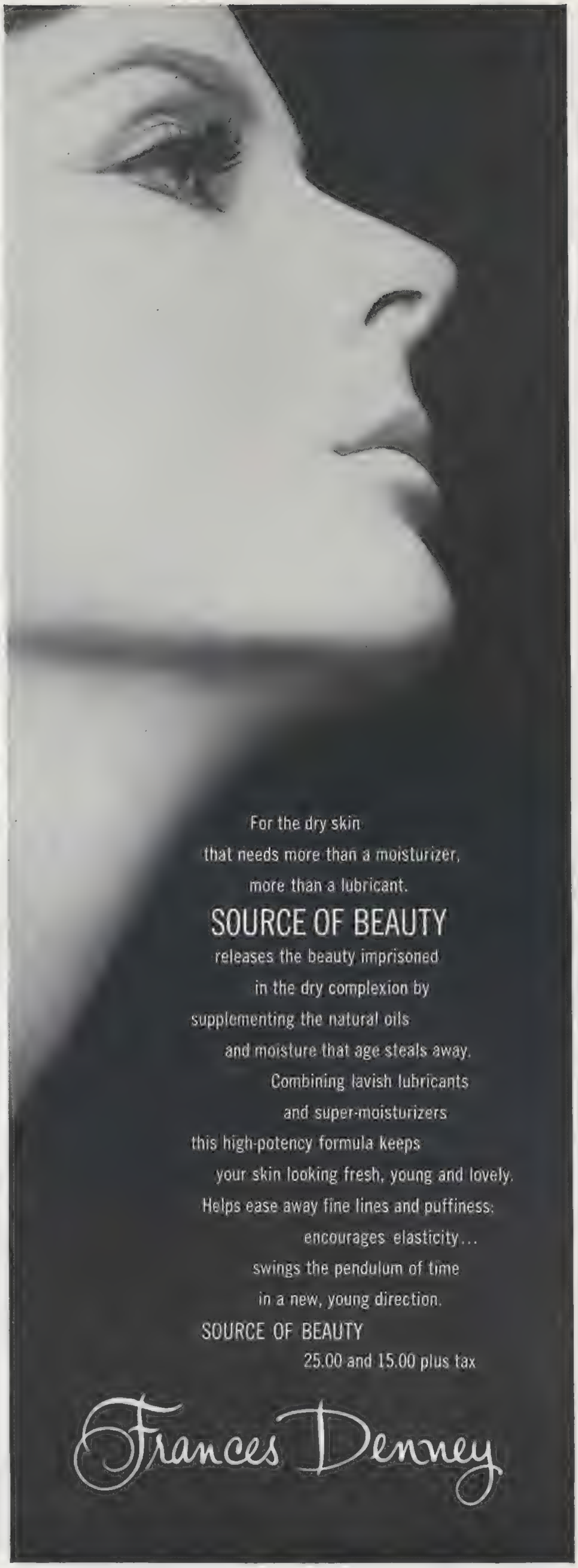
1. The ball after the opening of the Lyric Opera of Chicago. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, in the Opera House foyer. 3. Mrs. Howard Linn, head of decorations for the ball. 4. Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick Blair. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Stuart, junior. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Wacker, junior. 7. Mrs. Edward Byron Smith, member of the Women's Board. 8. Miss Carol Fox, General Manager of Lyric Opera, with Mr. C. Daggett Harvey, President of Lyric Opera.



7



8



Celebrating tonight?
Make it champagne—make it
Great Western
(says Bacchus)



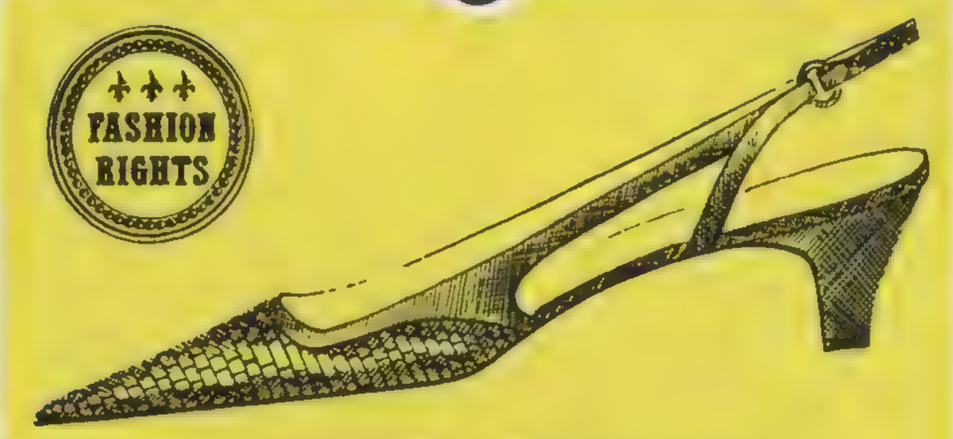
Don't wait for a special occasion to enjoy Great Western New York State Extra Dry—or Brut (very dry)—Champagne. Or lively Pink Champagne. Or robust Sparkling Burgundy.

These champagnes won six European medals, hold a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. A sip will tell you why. The special taste comes from selected wine grapes grown only in New York's Finger Lakes region—the superb quality, from 104 years of wine making. No wonder they are such great favorites!

Try these famous champagnes next time you dine out or celebrate at home.

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Spring is a fashion wonderland . . . a colorland of pastels and brights . . . a fantasyland of enchanting new ideas in footwear.

Notice this Spring-fresh sling pump with shortened heel. A magical flash of color on the fast moving, fashion conscious woman. A bit of whimsey on its toes . . . deftly woven leather with the latticed look of a garden gate.

Many women don't realize the fun of being entranced by new fashion beauty . . . but you do . . . and so does Rhythm Step!

Rhythm Step Virginia Kilroy, Fashion Director

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

Tiny Alice,

"preposterous lack of proportion"

To Edward Albee's credit, no one is willing to believe that his new play, *Tiny Alice*, is literally about a rich lady who promises an enormous gift to the Catholic Church, seduces and marries the lay brother sent to negotiate the gift, and then permits her lawyer to destroy her new husband for no visible reason. Obviously, the play must offer something more than this strange plot; and not only because Albee has salted and peppered the action with enigmas, symbols, and mysteries, but because the play and its characters are so insubstantial as to compel us to assume some higher, deeper, imminent, if extraneous, meaning.

What is best in *Tiny Alice* is the little that escapes the oppressive shadow of the higher meaning: the opening exchange of insults between the lawyer and the Cardinal, the snippier, lower-keyed squabbling among the rich lady's accomplices. Blood flows in the veins of these waspish disputants, but they are obliged to step aside for a pallid protagonist who is acted upon but never acts. At the centre of the play is a cloudy parable that combines some echoes of Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* with the main design of *Job* and Goethe's *Faust*. Like Satan asking the Lord for Job and like Mephistopheles asking for Faust, the lawyer requests, and gets, possession of Brother Julian from the Cardinal. Alice proves as effective a temptress as Goethe's or Marlowe's Helen, but Julian is the weakest point of the parallel. Where Job curses God and Faust summons the Devil, Julian only allows himself to be annihilated by Alice and her friends, who seem, at the end, disappointed when his dry bones do not reassemble themselves and perform a skeleton dance.

The mysterious conspirators teach Julian that the church is for sale, that his purity is a delusion, that love and marriage are frauds, and that reality itself is insubstantial. They go to some special trouble to explode reality, playing with words at every opportunity and disguising Alice as an irritable old lady as one of her contributions to the game. "How do you do?" says Julian. "How do you do *what?*" asks the irritable old lady. "This is intolerable," says Julian, in an inspired lunge at the truth. This slippery approach to metaphysics gets its principal support from a miniature model of the castle in which Alice lives. Which came first, the model or the castle? Is the model an imitation of the castle or the inspiration for it? Is a tiny, scale-model Alice within? If the model stands for the idea of spirituality, which may be reality or only a human invention, that may help to explain why Alice is sometimes confused with God. By their gestures, if not by their words, the conspirators seem to be telling Julian to eschew any belief in the spiritual tiny Alice of the model.

There is a preposterous lack of proportion between this elaborate machinery and the timid, inoffensive soul whom it destroys, between this imposing semantic-symbolic-theological apparatus and the modest ideas it generates, between this labouring mountain and the mouse it produces. This is the ambitious mistake of a talented dramatist—but a mistake nevertheless. The cast is well suited to the handsome elaboration of the language; if John Gielgud as Julian is less impressive than his colleagues, he is the victim of Julian's passivity. William Ritman's sets are extraordinary, especially the great room of the castle, which, at certain moments, becomes a perfect emblem of the play—spacious, beautiful, but without any impression of being lived in.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

The Ordways,

"great folk legend"

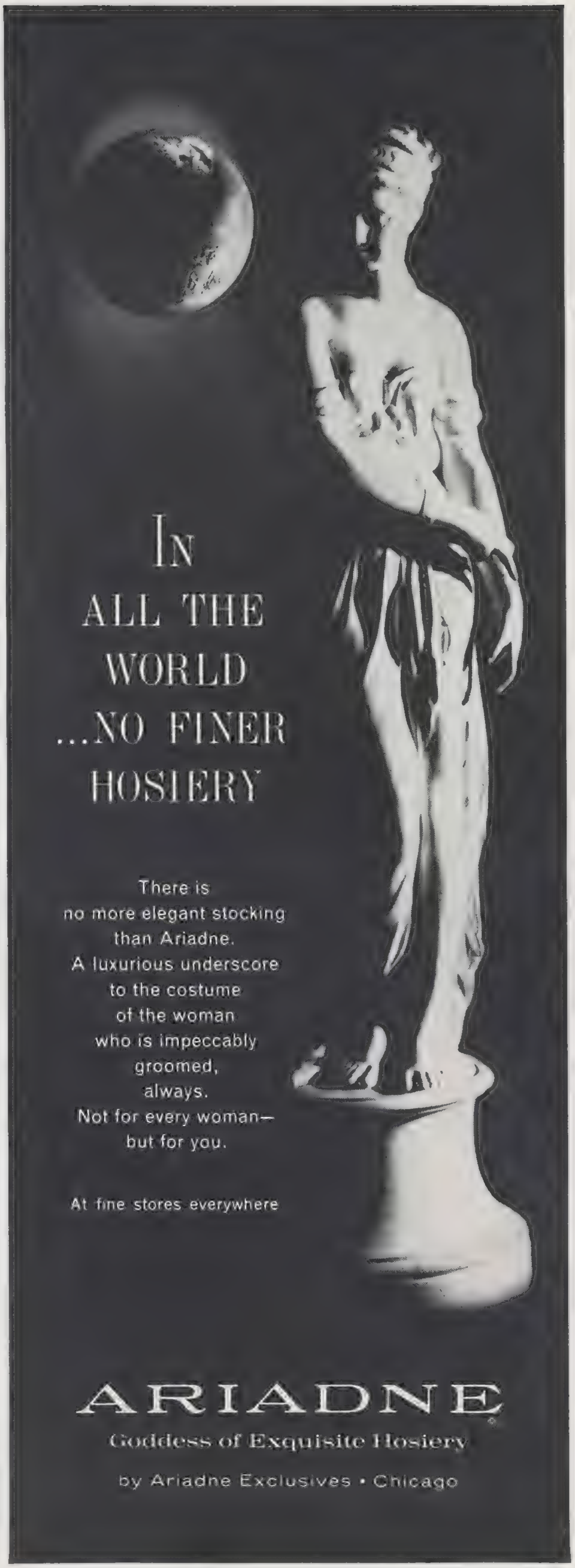
About the best compliment you can pay another man on his book is to feel that you would like to have written it yourself. I felt that way after finishing William Humphrey's second novel, *The Ordways*. It is seven years since the appearance of his best-selling *Home From The Hill*. A setting borrowed from that earlier book provides the occasion for the new tale: "graveyard working day," the annual pilgrimage of certain northeast Texas families (including the Ordway clan) to the burial ground outside the town in which they live. As weeds are cleared, fallen headstones righted, stories about the dead are retold.

"Before I could become myself, . . ." the narrator says, "I would first have to live through the lives of those who had produced me." The Ordway saga covers three generations. First came Thomas Ordway who, blind and crippled, set out from the battlefield of Shiloh to trek West with his pregnant wife, children, the Ordway dead, and their tombstones. His story, that of his son, Samuel, born beyond the Red River, and of Samuel's Texan odyssey in search of his own kidnapped child form the novel.

"I reckon the active life of a Southerner to extend three generations past his death," says the narrator, one of Samuel's grandsons. With Humphrey's book the trust is dissolved, and we are the beneficiaries. Most so-called "Southern" novels tend to focus on one town, one house, and to swivel in place through an antebellum eternity. Regional in origin, *The Ordways* is much broader in scope. We are made to understand the evocative power of the Civil War and the Southerner's "feeling of identity with his dead (who are the past)." The story itself, the recitation of the eternal, tribal Passover, led by the Ordways' "blind and crippled Moses," provides the true memorial to Thomas Ordway—extending his "active life" and raising it to the level of legend.

The story is epic and picaresque; Samuel's odyssey, for instance, consists of a series of encounters—he joins a circus and has to shave an aging elephant with a blowtorch. It is related always in the "voice" of the tribal storyteller. Epic scenes, tightened up smartly with sharp detail, are described in images that display the artifice, rhythm, and guile of all great folk legend. Now punched out with saddle-awl immediacy, now given a perspective by words boned and honed to familiarity that only custom can bestow, the tale unfolds. Even the family artifacts, such as the pistol given to Thomas Ordway's wife by a brevet major after Shiloh and lying on the author's desk as he writes, help bind several tales fairly into one. In the continuity of heroic accomplishment, the Ordways come into possession of themselves and of their land, and tribal lore becomes part of the mosaic which forms a nation's story. The accomplishment of *The Ordways* sets Humphrey less with Faulkner than with Mark Twain.

This then is a family saga with a "ballast of tombstones." A writer does not set out to make myth; he departs from, and perhaps toward, his own heritage, reaches back into the interlacing roots that hold a clan together. If what he seizes upon is truly evocative, regenerative, he may achieve the cathartic force of myth and archetype. A similar rich lore must have belonged to each family gathered for graveyard working day. The Ordways' fortune lies in having Humphrey as their chronicler.





touchy subject

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Zorba The Greek,

"*tainted production*"

Zorba The Greek is quite a bad film. Its manifold falsehoods are of the most inflated sort and every fatigued cliché masquerades as a zestful truth. Amidst the purifying scenery of Crete this tainted production slowly unfolds. Anthony Quinn plays Zorba, a Mediterranean man-god, a poor, reckless, lustful human, full of error, but ALIVE. This is a set piece—laughter, wine, and philosophy—of the sort actors are supposed to love. The manner of execution is as fixed as an aria, and neither Quinn nor the director, Michael Cacoyannis, has invented so much as a fresh trill.

But it is not all lust and the pleasures of the earth. In the middle of life there is death—in this case, the stoning of a beautiful young widow, played by Irene Papas, by the jealous men of the village. In another death scene the apartment of a vain old French lady is looted by the marauding fingers of the village women as the old Madame lies on her bed, dying. All her dusty satins and limp pillows, her suffocating draperies, and yellowing feathers are ripped away from her dying grasp. These scenes—insertions of surprising moments of violent symbolic action—seem to come almost direct from the pessimistic genius of Luis Buñuel. But they are here mere quotations, decorations on the kind of work that is meant to please the world, not to change it. Anthony Quinn, as suits a Greek Life Force, is never still. Alan Bates, as a bookish Englishman, is never mobile. He stands around dumbly, like a prop mistakenly left over from another movie.

Love a la Carte,

"*flea circus*"

Love a la Carte is a miserable little flea circus of a film in which two stunned eagles—Marcello Mastroianni and Simone Signoret—perform for hire. It is impossible to sympathize with them because they give flea performances in the service of a stupid plot. The idea is this: when the brothels close in Italy, some of the prostitutes decide to open a restaurant. They must apply to a gangster for capital, and he, of course, wants them to continue their previous careers and they want to confine themselves to minestrone. The vacuity of the idea, the waste of money, the misuse of talent. . . . If only this could, like similar ideas that somehow get onto Broadway, sink back into tomorrow morning's mud. Alas, it takes a little longer in the movies, but sink it will.

Nothing But A Man,

"*sure and richly imagined*"

To go from plastic whales and celluloid fleas to a true work like *Nothing But A Man* is a journey of the soul. You must at once go downward, to rewarding economy and plainness, and upward, to serious style and a rare wish to make a good movie. The cast is Negro except for a few white bit parts. Throughout, the acting is brilliant, and in the main rôles Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln give the sure and richly imagined performances that movie stars no longer understand. The story is simple. It tells of the attempt of a strong-willed young Negro to try to make a life in a Southern town without sacrificing his manhood. This disheartening struggle is projected through marvellous, accurate dialogue, and, although there is poverty, great cruelty, and injustice, the presence of truth suffuses the scene with beauty.



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Hats Off to Lilly Daché Stockings

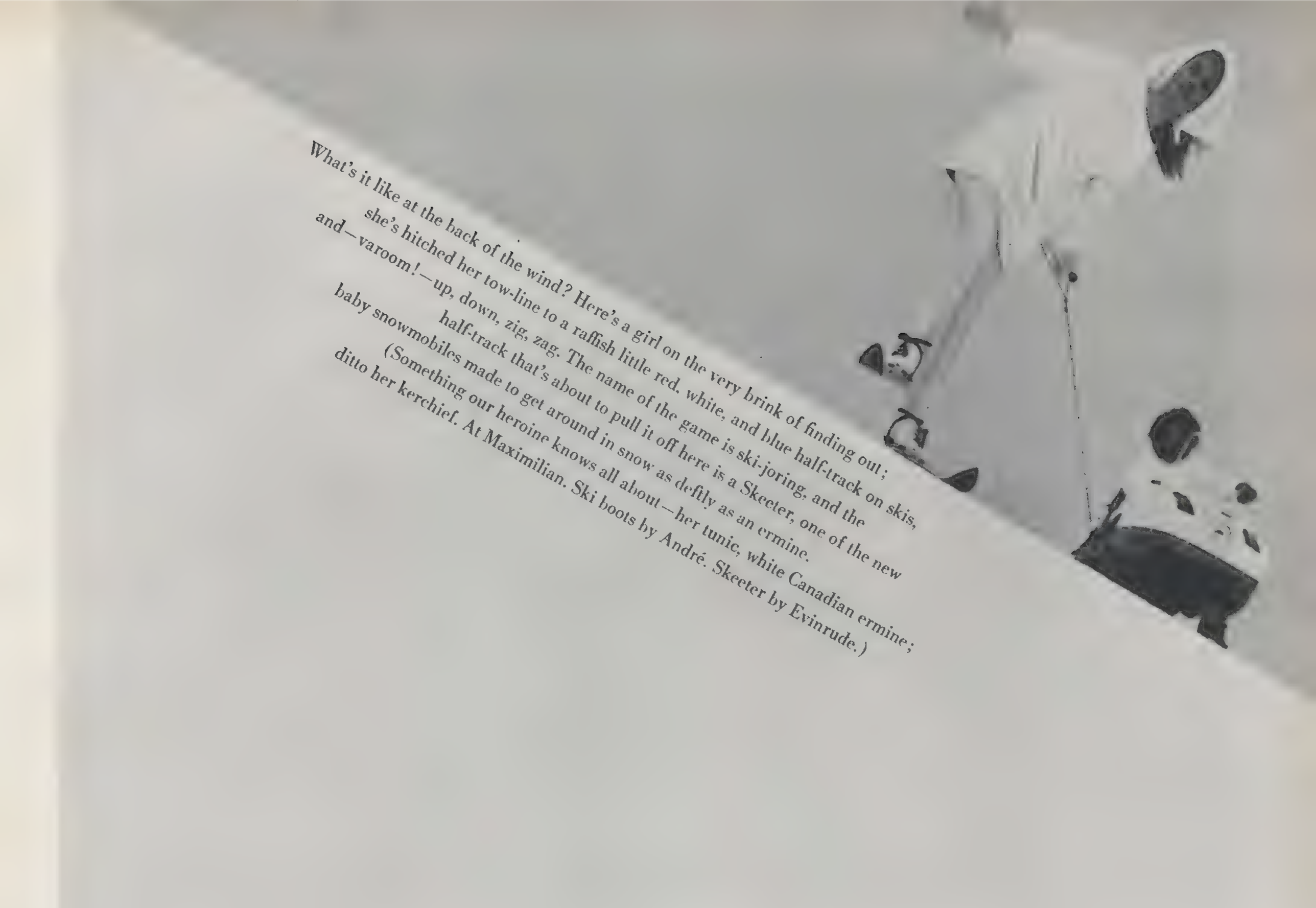
It comes as no surprise to the fashion world that the elegant Lilly Daché has become a head to toe expert. Having made her mark in top fashion history with unbelievably beautiful hats, Miss Daché turned her attention to a girl's most readily visible means of support...the legs.

Miss Daché approached this new area with a point of view. Her stockings must be exactly right for costumes that are making all the fashion headlines these days. That is why she put her emphasis on an exciting range of colors... from next-to-nude to drama in darks. That is why Miss Daché concentrated on stockings that would stand up under wear, and yet be sheer delight.

Because Lilly Daché so very completely understands that in the final analysis the proper fit determines the effectiveness of any fashion, she decided on the exact proportions needed for petite, average and tall girls. Gone is the sag, the bag, the bunching, gone is the unsightly poor-fitting look.

We can report that Miss Daché has a winner...in fact a three-way winner...a complete wardrobe of stocking styles in stretch, full fashioned and seamless. Look for...ask for Capri, a warm sun tan...Monte Carlo, a pale rose beige...Riviera, golden beige... Biarritz, grayed taupe...Babette, off black...Malibou, spicy brown ...Renaissance, sophisticated mid brown. Priced at one dollar per pair and up. You'll find these sold in the finest stores in the United States and Canada. We repeat...Hats Off to Lilly Daché.

LILLY DACHÉ HOSIERY,
a product of Chadbourn Gotham, Inc.



What's it like at the back of the wind? Here's a girl on the very brink of finding out; she's hitched her tow-line to a raffish little red, white, and blue half-track on skis, and—varoom!—up, down, zig, zag. The name of the game is ski-joring, and the half-track that's about to pull it off here is a Skeeter, one of the new baby snowmobiles made to get around in snow as deftly as an ermine. (Something our heroine knows all about—her tunic, white Canadian ermine; ditto her kerchief. At Maximilian. Ski boots by André. Skeeter by Evinrude.)

RUBARTELLI

FEBRUARY 15, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: WHEE!

Lineage of beauty: Minnie Cushing



TONI FRISSELL



"Most American families go to bits by the third generation; the Cushings haven't." This brisk comment from a Newport doyenne was evoked by Minnie Cushing who inherits not only the family's charmed looks but a vitality still running full tide. Like her father, Howard G. Cushing, and her grandfather, the late Howard Gardiner Cushing, she grew up in Newport on a point of land rounded by the sea, living there all year in a windswept world of sea spray and great salt air. A romantically close family, the Cushings' life centres about their home and its offshoot, the studio—once her grandfather's atelier where he painted delicate portraits of his flame-and-ivory wife, Ethel Cochrane of Boston; now a small wing where friends converge any hour any evening of the year. Only a recurring wanderlust takes the Cushings away from this sea-misted sanctuary which breathes the past and present in a wonderfully unaffected way—their own. Live beauty and generous charm are the mark of the Cushings, and have been abundantly bequeathed to Minnie, a beauty in a lineage of beauty.

Marvellous in motion, Minnie Cushing loves surfing, riding, skiing on land or water, flying, scooting about on her brother's Triumph. And—appetite for speed still unsated—she has taken up sky-diving. Not even the sky's the limit for Minnie, going all-outdoors at an intoxicating clip. Her thick hair, often wet as seaweed, goes the way the wind does, and goes with winging brows, dark piquant eyes, a disarming candour. Her clothes are as unruffled as her manner: straight Pucci or Jax and, at night, big earrings and saris brought back from her world-wide safaris in bazaars and boutiques—or old trunks. She has been twice around the globe, and has just revisited favourite points east, returning now to plunge into another world: publishing.

TONI FRISSELL







Minnie lives the grey days: breezing through beach grass with Muffin, her Pekingese; surfing in wind-whipped breakers; riding bareback on hard wet sand. Taking as lightly to off-season as on-season, to off-beat as on-beat, to the far-away as to her studio-home.



And the sea is always there, with the lure of places beyond. Minnie looks to the day that will take her back to Thailand, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong—and Tahiti, by schooner. To the day she will head out to lively new shores over the sea's rim.

TONI FRISSELL



Her long thick brown hair ribboned by the wind, Minnie Cushing runs free at the edge of the sea she loves. Evenings are the family, the studio, the rush of friends streaming through among three generations of marvellous Cushing clutter—her father's and brothers' safari trophies, her grandfather's portraits of his flame-haired wife, whose tilted gaze and gift of style live in the Cushings today



TIP SHEET:

THIS WINTER'S SUCCESSES

CLANG OF CHAINS HEARD AGAIN . . . in Paris: Mme. Helene Rochas's gold chain for sweaters —hung with Boivin's huge articulated gold fish, studded in peridots (articulated creatures, the great new passion at Boivin; their colossal tiger-pin particularly knockout). . . . In America: Mrs. John Barry Ryan III creating new proportions in a short ruffle-hemmed evening dress of gold-and-blood-red sari cloth, with gold chain necklaces and ornaments to well below the waist . . . Mrs. Paul Mellon's winding rope of pearls from Schlumberger, spaced with delicate gold links. . . . In Italy: Donna Marella Agnelli's two-yard tow-rope of rubies—flung over everything.

KING OF THE JUNGLE REPORTING . . . David Webb's animal jewellery being snapped up as fast as he can produce it; under $10,000 nobody gives a hoot about price. . . . Surprise boom here: Maltese crosses. Suddenly everybody craves. Who has is: Mrs. Thomas Kempner—royal-blue enamel with a ruby centre, little rubies and diamonds: pins it in the folds of her sable beret. . . .

PINK IN THE PINK FOR DAY . . . Courrèges's straight welted dress in pink wool, a smash. Worn by the Duchess of Windsor, Baronne Guy de Rothschild. Everyone copying. Wanted by all.

WHITE ERMINE MUCH THE PRETTIEST FUR FOR EVENING . . . smartest with skins in the round, as in Mrs. William Paley's day-length polo coat from Maximilian. . . . Princess Lee Radziwill's sleeveless ermine sweater . . . the narrow, shirt-collared ermine coat worn by Mrs. Mario Panza (her new day coat is the fur to watch—Persian lamb in a foamy-champagne beige).

THE TWO MOST BEAUTIFUL PARISIENNES IN AMERICA: The full-length Balenciaga of deep coral lace thickly encrusted with coral embroidery . . . Mrs. Charles Wrightsman's long, strict, pale-blue sheath from Givenchy, embroidered in two heavenly sapphire blues.

CLIMATE-MAKERS: The tall, striking Chicagoan who wears two fur coats at once when the chill is on; no dress. Spotted in a divine fluff of snow leopard over an undercoat of supplest, flattest black broadtail . . . Barbra Streisand dining at The Leopard in a suit of same, coat of seal and mink . . . Contessa Consuelo Crespi of Rome inventing her own daily climate in New York—sable coat over a simple knitted black dress, cut away to show quite a bit of skin on the shoulders and back.

NEW MINAUDIÈRE BEING CARRIED ALL OVER TOWN . . . A cylinder of fabric or leather jewelled at either end. About the length of a good cigar, plenty of room, comfortable in the hand. Marvellous in black with jet; cerise satin with cerise crystals; white kidskin, white beads.

IN PALM BEACH, the first real bathing-suit sensation of the season: Sra. Porfirio Rubirosa's "nude" maillot—actually a non-transparent stretch of sunned-skin beige, natural as skin on the body. . . . Beige, black, white are going Palm Beach colours—beaded Dalmatian bracelets the rage. And big, lacquery black bangles worn two to a wrist. The top top: a long, narrow black T-shirt with short sleeves, white hem—worn by Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith over bathing suits and white ducks. . . . On Worth Avenue, Mrs. Loel Guinness shopping in black shirt belted into beige twill pants, beige cardigan, black chiffon scarf woven through the shining black chignon at the top of her head, ends flying. Lilly Pulitzer cycling in jewelled-sandals and the newest Lilly—vivid apple-green and white, sleeved to the elbow this year. . . . Pants at every (Continued on page 148)

NEW NEUTRAL: THE CORAL SHOE, *right,* perfect pitch for all tones of beige, greige, cheese, black. Ankle-tied calfskin with a rounded toe, stacked heel. By Roger Vivier for Saks Fifth Avenue. Belle-Sharmeer textured stocking: Lord & Taylor.

EASTERN FLARE-UP: THE BEIGE PAISLEY COAT SWATHED IN PINK, *opposite,* tipping a wave of fashion-loves from The Wilder Shores. Close, flaring coat of Paisleyed jersey over a paler beige jersey dress. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Piacenza wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Pillbox, with dotted pink silk flung on like yashmak veiling: by Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN





The wide fleece coat in sorbet pink, opposite, springing away from the body like a bright buoyant sail on a sea of chiffon flowers. By Trigère, in double-faced wool fleece (Garigue fabric); silk chiffon dress (Staron fabric). Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Costume: Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Martha Weathered. Pins by Mimi di N. Coiffures both pages: Sebou, House of Revlon. The narrow twill suit in China blue, a perfect shaft of clarity to the ankles, with a bodice of black jersey under the carved jet-buttoned jacket, a collar cut to show a pretty length of neck. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Anglo wool. Trifari necklaces. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Rich's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Viola Weinberger gloves.

TIP SHEET ON EVENING WOOL—COLOUR IT VIVID

PENN



PENN

Plaid: The belted suit with a longer jacket, left, its lean rangy lines snapped up in a shades-of-beige and off-white Tattersall. Accompanied here—there, anywhere this spring—by various beiges, smoky pearls. By Ben Reig, of wool plaid. Ben King belt. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Torsade of fake pearls by Richelieu. Gloves by Kislav. Mr. John straw hat, wrapped in feathers. Plaid: The reversible coat biased over culottes, opposite, waving flag colours with new bravura. No collar, no buttons; simply a fine, full flourish of red, white, and navy blue, with matching culottes and a sparkling display of white shirt. Wool suit; rayon-and-silk crêpe shirt; chiffon cap by Jean Louis. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves by Marcel Wagner. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

DAILY WOOL TIP SHEET —RACE IT IN PLAID





TIP SHEET ON PALE TWILL— TURN IT OUT WITH TONES OF BEIGE

Proportions that 1965 suits are famous for, left, in a pinked-up shade of vanilla twill dashed out head to toe with tones of beige—long, straight, double-breasted jacket held by a leather tape. Sleeves dropped, collar unjoined, short skirt folded for action. By Originala of Anglo wool; about $245. Belt by Ben-King. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Shalimar gloves. Berkshire stockings. Pappagallo shoes. Coiffure: Jacques of Joyce Christopher. The narrow coat, right, wearing its sleeves to the wrist this year, a tiny high yoke, low flapped pockets. This small neat proportioning: wool twill in pale beige, worn with paler beige everywhere. By Seymour Fox, of Anglo wool; about $235. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Godchaux's; Dayton's. Gloves by Kislav. Shoes by Herbert Levine. Both pages: Mr. John's baby-brimmed beige felt fedora.



Black-and-white silk, complete with shiny black: the luxurious way to appear in print this spring, appearing first, at right, under a slender lacquer-black cape-coat of silk and worsted. Unwrapped, opposite, and as cleanly dazzling as polished tile—with patent leather at the waist and a panel stirring up ripples of softness through the skirt; head wrapped and turbanned like a sheik's in matching print. Coat (of Couleur fabric) and dress by Branell. Halston scarfed cap, made to order. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Coat and dress: Gus Mayer; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Wear-Right.

TIP SHEET ON THE GEOMETRIC PRINT— POLISH BY COAT

PENN





TIP SHEET ON WOOL—
CARVE IT
LEAN EVERY DAY

Gloss of black leather, left, binding and buttoning a slightly shaped coat of off-white wool, making every line count. By Monarch in Anglo's diagonal wool. About $125. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Gidding-Jenny; Neusteters. Gloves by Lanolav. Patent leather jockey cap: Emme. Suit with a pull of its own, below, in pale-beige twill—V-yoked over a yoke-hung skirt; double-breasted jacket in the good going length—straight to the hips. By Marquise, of Anglo double-woven wool; about $275. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Emme turban. The jacket is longer, the weave is close, right, and that's what makes a deep-grey suit deeply delicious this spring. White shirt-cuffs gleaming at the edge of long sleeves; collar opened up—to a winding of white, here, over which a white leather Tatar hat dips rakishly. Suit: Stefan for Briarbrook, of petit-point worsted. About $90. Henri Bendel; B. Forman; Carson Pirie Scott. Tatiana hat; Saks Fifth Avenue. Kislav gloves.









PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Winning the small local first skirmishes in the War on Poverty, with the captains in charge community leaders around the country rather than Federal men from Washington. . . . The double exhibition, emotional, odd, expressive, of two Austrian artists, Egon Schiele and Gustav Klimt, at New York's Guggenheim Museum where the superb drawings by Schiele, who died at twenty-eight in 1918, freeze his period. . . . George Axelrod who wrote and produced *How To Murder Your Wife*, a new, soda-water movie, flat with old marriage clichés, collected apparently by running slowly and barefoot through other Hollywood movies.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN PARIS . . . The Bostella, a new dance invented at the night place, Chez Castel, where at various times the practitioners have been Peter O'Toole, Salvador Dali, Shirley MacLaine. . . . The explosion of publicity over the brilliant, fifty-five-year-old Violette Leduc whose autobiography, *La Bâtarde*, is formidable, nervy, and freewheeling about her sexual excursions. . . . Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, a twenty-one-year-old dancer, now a star of the Paris Opera Ballet company. . . . The stretching queues waiting to see the centenary exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec who is having even more success than the movie *My Fair Lady*. . . . The eight books, recently published, on Charles de Gaulle, all of them with different explanations of his motivations. . . . The triumph of *Week-end à Zuydcoote*, a movie about the encirclement and defeat of the British and French armies at Dunkirk in June, 1940; one critic wrote that the French public makes a tremendous success out of anything showing defeat.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Love Me Do*, the Beatle biography by Michael Braun who shows the intrepid foursome as tough, rude, and witty, with Lennon clever and hard, Harrison cynical and tiny-minded, McCartney all show business, and Ringo adept at lines like, "I love Beethoven, especially his poems."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN LONDON . . . The BBC's television show starring comedian Frankie Howerd who shambles on, spread like Asia, with his great uncontrollable face which has been called a landslide of sadness—the home audiences watch him the way they smoke: they don't want the habit but they have it. . . . The new 10 Downing Street image where Prime Minister Harold Wilson cleans his own shoes, Mrs. Wilson makes breakfast, does her own washing, and has strung white china doves, dangling in flight, across the sitting-room ceiling.

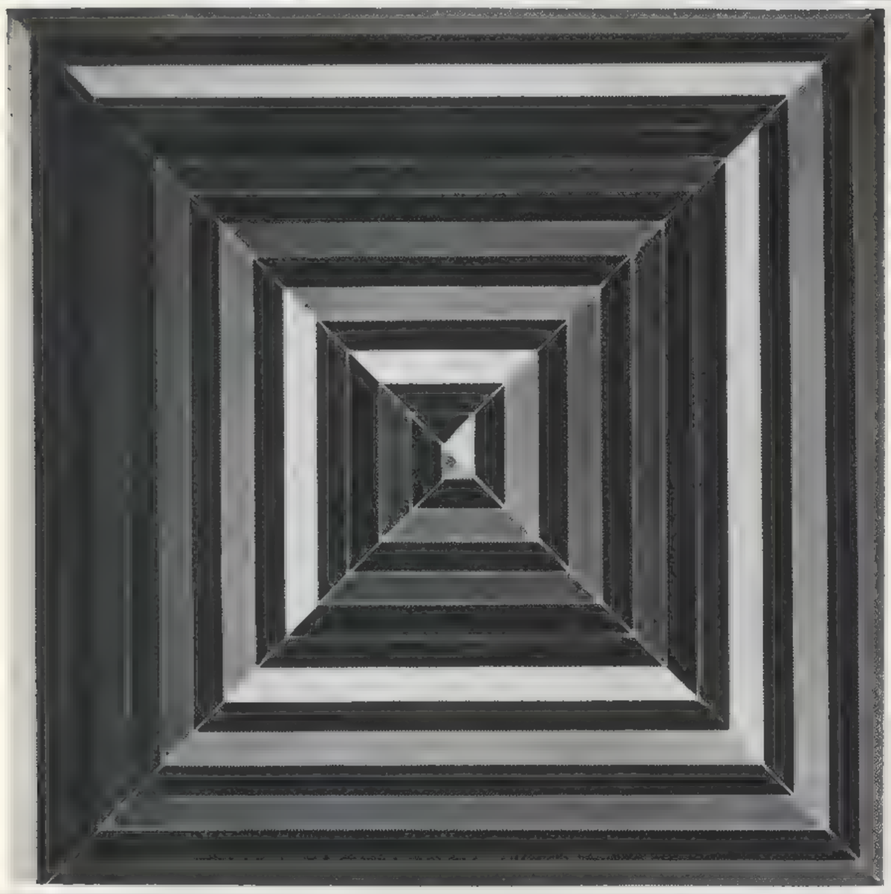
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The quick emergence of the word, "whacked," used as a fill-in when the speaker can't think of a more powerful word. . . . In Rome, the filming of the new Fellini movie, *Giulietta of the Spirits*, a concerto celebrating the affecting talents and curious beauty of Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, who appears with a cast that includes lions. . . . The New York hoopla, the gaga explanations about the Edward Albee smash hit, *Tiny Alice*, with its elusive symbolism, its bite, its loose sonorities that keep part of the audiences magnetized and part of them wallowing in distress.

SATCHMO, A GREAT AMERICAN THROB, HERE WITH THREE NEW PULSES, THE PILGRIMS

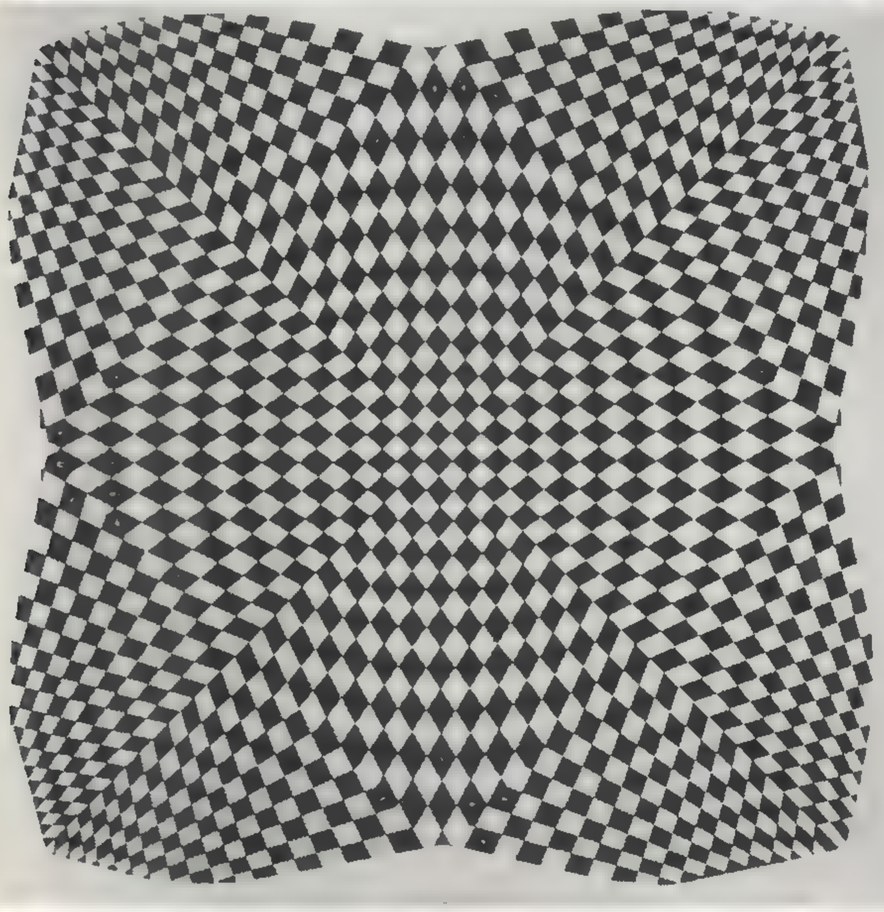
For these four, *opposite*, the message is the sound. The Pilgrims, three young handsome folk singers with large handsome voices, are, as a group, barely a year old, but they have the sound: no twangs, no moans, none of the hand-adzed vocal excuses on which folk songs often hang, just rolling, swelling good music. Theirs is an easy wallop. No seams show. Angeline Butler, pretty, heads-up, once a Juilliard student; Robert Guillaume, a flashing, big-voiced actor, and Millard Williams, a Calypso-paced Bermudian, look and sing as if they woke up happy. Louis Armstrong, with his horn and his ebullient, rough-cut voice underlined by subterranean laughter, has a sound so known almost anywhere in the world that it needs no more explaining than the shape of a Coca-Cola bottle. Wherever Saints March, Satchmo leads them. For more than forty years the sound of Armstrong has been the jazzed praise of life; for just over a year the sound of the Pilgrims has been an equal praise of life. Joy is the carrot.

PENN

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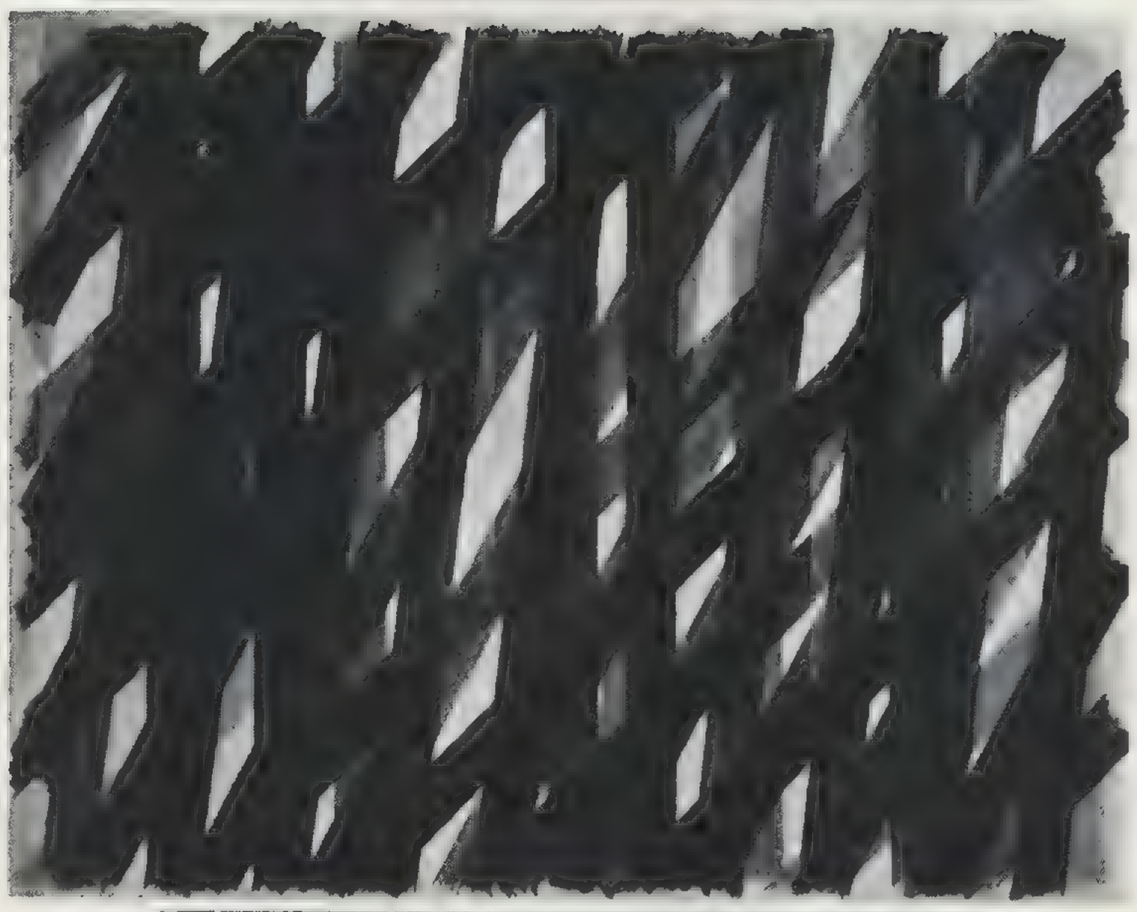
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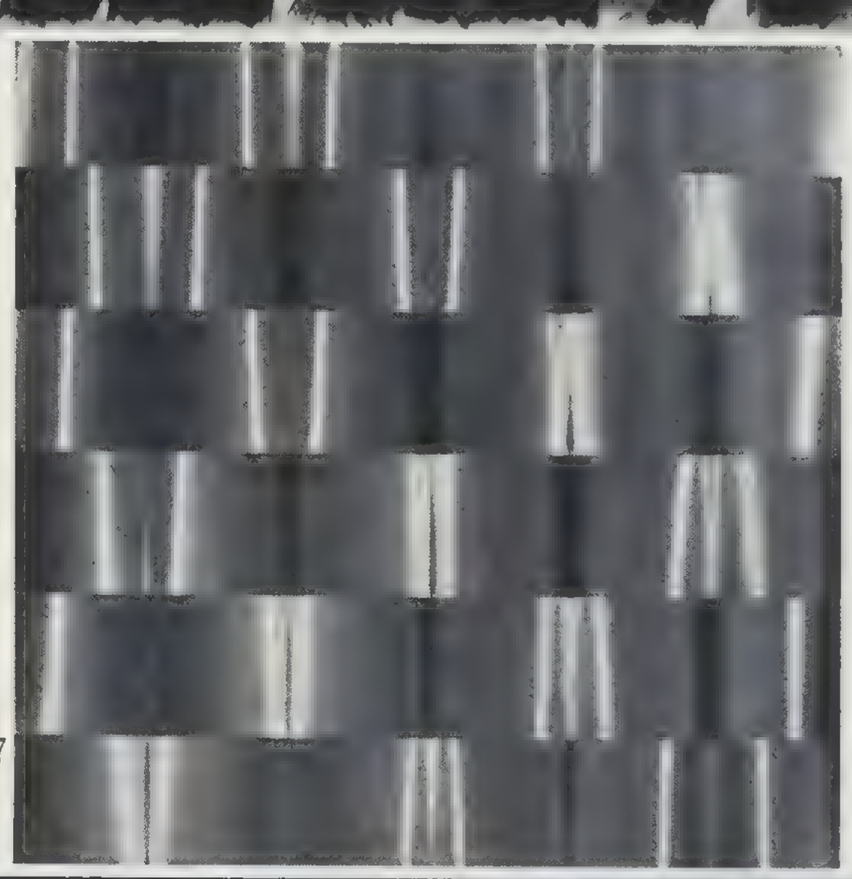
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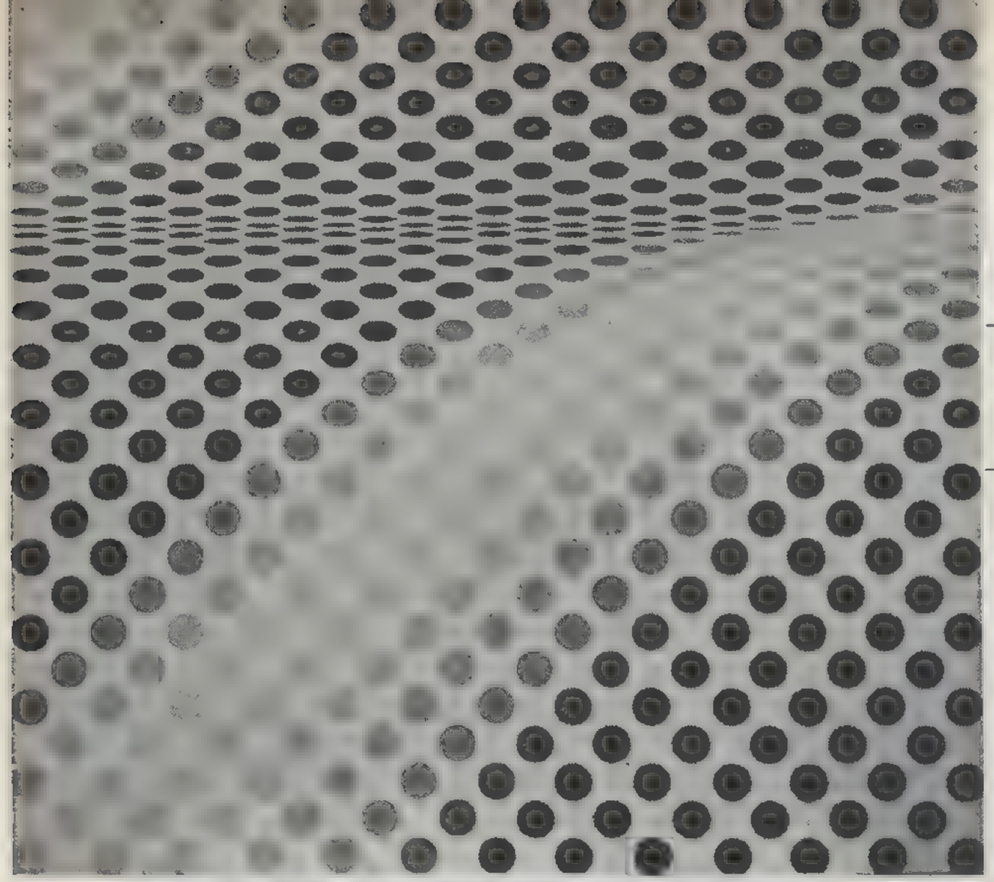
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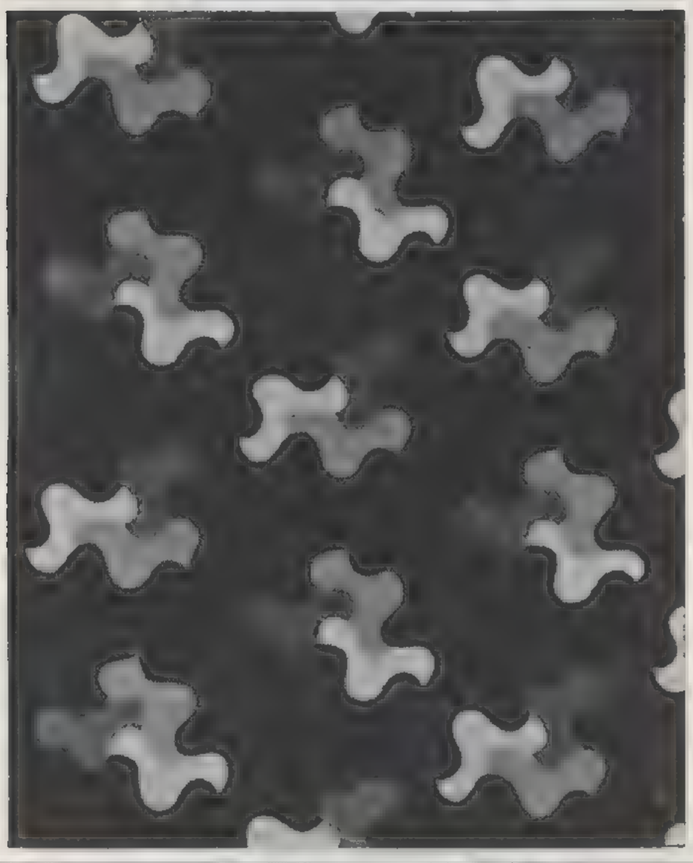
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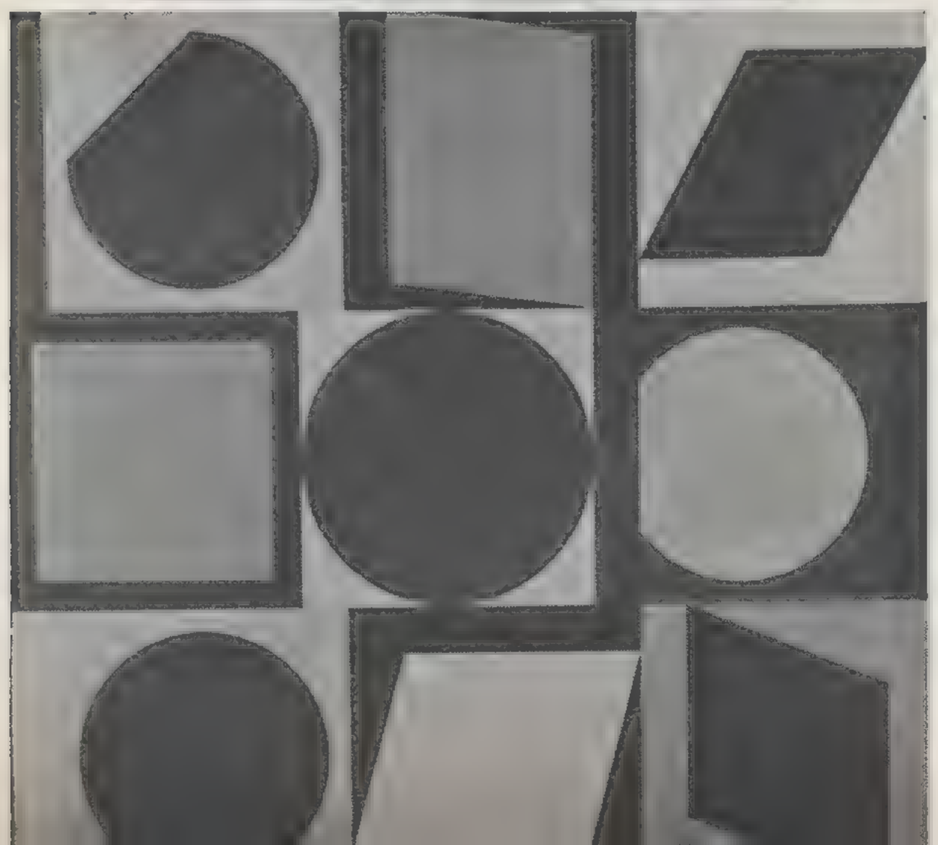
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THE NEW PERCEPTUAL ART

BY WILLIAM C. SEITZ

There was a time when art movements were initiated by artists with the support of a few embattled partisans, and were named by the derisive epithets of outsiders. Once the importance of a new style or tendency had been repeatedly demonstrated, it might finally be confirmed and documented by art historians and museums. The situation is quite different today. Like hunters in duck season, scouts of the mass media lie in wait for any flutter of wings that could herald the next trend. With a bravura uninhibited by too much concern for accuracy, journalists now inaugurate and christen movements, interpret their aesthetics, elevate their easiest-to-publicize adherents, and canonize their precursors. Unknowns become blue chips before museums and scholars, with their concern for thoroughness, significance, and truth, have time to react.

Now heard in every quarter, the current talk about "optical painting," as Josef Albers recently observed, brings to mind "foot walking, wood carpentering, snow skiing, and water swimming." Nor does it evade the tautology to broaden the designation to "perceptual art." Perhaps because they were to be given a prominent place in "The Responsive Eye" exhibition, which was announced in 1962, Albers and Victor Vasarely have been accorded laurel wreaths as "the two acknowledged fathers of today's Op." These committed painters are truly masters of perceptual art and their influence has been immense; but to make of them bookends supporting a single volume with the title "Op, not Pop" is to dramatize the oversimplification of art publicity.

If an exception is made for the sightless person's apprehension of sculpture through touch alone, it is evident that all art is perceptual, visual, optical or, if you will, retinal in one way or another. But it is just as evident that in art, as in ordinary life, different uses are made of the eyes depending on intent and conditioning. The art historian and critic Bernard Berenson explained the greatness of Giotto by reference to the "tactile values" of his frescoes, by which he meant that Giotto's images had the power to stimulate the sense of touch through association with bulk and weight. During the six hundred years between the Italian primitives and the Impressionists, painting dealt more and more with purely visual sensations, so that the great historian of style, Heinrich Wölfflin, was led to divide all Western art after the Italian (Continued on next page)

TWELVE WORKS IN "THE RESPONSIVE EYE," an international exhibition, directed by William C. Seitz, at The Museum of Modern Art through April 25. The exhibition includes paintings, reliefs, and constructions that initiate a new, highly perceptual phase of contemporary art. Using only lines, bands, and patterns, flat areas of colour, white, grey, or black, or cleanly cut wood, glass, metal, and plastic, these artists establish a new relationship between an observer and a work of art.

1. "Lens Picture," 1962-64, by Karl Gerstner (Swiss); 2. "Line Up," 1962, by Frank Stella (American); 3. "Op-Tickler," 1964, by Ernest Benkert (American); 4. "Alniam," 1964, by Paul Feeley (American); 5. "Multi-Colored Target Number 17," 1962, by Wojciech Fangor (Polish); 6. "Construction Eurasia," 1964, by Piero Dorazio (Italian); 7. "LL 36 Q 14 x 14 inv.," 1964, by Getulio Alviani (Italian); 8. "That, Number 3964," 1964, by Frederick Hammersley (American); 9. "Hesitate," 1964, by Bridget Riley (English); 10. "Number 27," 1964, by Karl Benjamin (American); 11. "PA-18," 1959, by Equipo 57 (Spanish); 12. "Kalota," 1963, by Victor Vasarely (French).

THE NEW PERCEPTUAL ART (Continued)

Renaissance into "tactile" and "optical" tendencies.

But even with full consideration for these fundamental differences in visualization, it can be said that in the art of the past the eye—infinitely complex and far more than "optical" though it is—was assigned a passive function, like the lens of the camera. As in utilitarian seeing, it was a means by which images were transmitted to consciousness where they could merge with other kinds of information and be acted upon by the mind, emotions, and will, or be filed away in memory.

Monet and Cézanne, by their obsessively intense examination of the world around them, began a new period in the evolution of seeing. As scientists were beginning to learn by quite different methods, they discovered that sight is not just a passive transfer of data but an organic process, always in motion, which can initiate as well as record phenomena. The fluctuating appearance of objects and events that the Impressionists observed so unceasingly could not be represented on canvas without transformation. They learned that the senses can contradict each other, that perception has its own laws and modes of activity, and that in vision truth and illusion are hard to separate.

A typical Impressionist painting could be said to have two layers: somewhere behind the frame is an ephemeral projection of the scene chosen by the artist, but the surface of the canvas is covered with a multitude of bright touches of colour that partially—but only partially—fuse in vision. Almost independently of the subject this luminous screen of competing tones scintillates with a rhythmic vibration arising from the inherent activity of seeing. The triumph of abstract painting removed the backdrop of nature, as it were, leaving the interaction of forms and colours on the surface as the sole basis for a work of art. Total abstraction excluded a great deal of what painting used to be about, but in so doing it ultimately liberated the primary means of visual art—shape, line, and colour—to act on consciousness directly.

The twelve works reproduced on pages 78 and 79 illustrate a very few of the many directions represented in "The Responsive Eye" exhibition. It includes some ninety artists from more than fifteen countries. There are reliefs and constructions in wood, plastic, glass, and metal as well as paintings in colour and in black and white. I describe such a diversiform international development collectively as "the new perceptual art" for this article because, despite great differences, these artists address themselves more pointedly and exclusively to perception than any before them. If Impressionism was a first peak of Perceptualism, such works mark a second. The terrain on which they operate is not that of the outside world or even the surface of the canvas, but the incompletely explored region between the cornea and the brain.

What has been called optical art is best exemplified, among the younger generation, in colour by the American, Richard Anuszkiewicz, and in black and white by the Briton, Bridget Riley. Its pioneers include not only Albers and Vasarely but Malevich, Balla, Mondrian, Duchamp, Sophie Taeuber-Arp, Max Bill, Henri Berlewi, and many others. The optical painter knows that sharp-edged and flatly painted shapes, colours, and lines, if skillfully controlled, can animate an observer's perception even against his will and bring about experiences of motion, light, deformation, depth, and many other effects for which the painting is only a stimulant. To this end—and in some instances with no other (Continued on page 142)

MME. MICHEL LEGENDRE

Her look is Nattier—dark eyes, a ballerina stance. Her life is action. As the wife of the Consul General of France in New York, Mme. Legendre takes an informed pleasure in entertaining. Cabinet Ministers, bankers, diplomats, troupes of actors, dancers, and friends pass every week through the grilled glass doors of the Consulate, where Mme. Legendre was photographed, *right,* in a pink, crystal-beaded dress by Jacques Heim. Her day begins at eight with breakfast and the New York and Paris newspapers, a round of play with her young children, and consultation with the French-Spanish cook, with whom she markets three times a week. (Her specialities: *homard à l'Armoricaine, pigeons farcis aux pruneaux d'Agen, beurre blanc Nantais.*) On some marathon official evenings the Legendres appear at four cocktail parties, three dinner parties, and a charity ball. "Je suis d'une résistance à toute épreuve," said Mme. Legendre.

HORST



THE

GOLDEN COURT OF THAILAND

H.M. KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ
AND H.M. QUEEN SIRIKIT

TEN PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE

Right: Their Majesties driving in a 1949 Delahaye through the park of Chitraladda Palace. *Left:* In a marbled pavilion of the Grand Palace, Queen Sirikit's gold-handled ceremonial umbrellas, made for her in Paris.









H. M. QUEEN SIRIKIT OF THAILAND

"The Queen is the smile of the King." Her gaiety is a treasure. Placed on silken cushions, radiating youthful joy and delight, the Queen intoxicates those around her with her magic. When she speaks, softly, slowly, a golden off-key music, it is as though all the temple bells were ringing. On a gold-leafed Thai bed in the King's coronation pavilion, Queen Sirikit, shown, *left*, in a dress of twenty-carat gold embossed in crystal, appears to be paved in diamonds —canary and white diamonds—on her hair, her throat, her wrists, her tapering fingers. This court dress, which the Queen wore to the Greek Royal wedding, was created for her by Pierre Balmain, who designs her superb Paris and Bangkok clothes, her shoes, her Royal umbrellas. The Queen, *above*, in a Thai silk *pa-hom* and *pa-noong* stands before a porcelain-encrusted tower, one of the many pavilions and temples of the Grand Palace. A square mile of walled enchantment, the Grand Palace is centred by Chakri Palace, all creamy Palladian, its tiered, uplifted Thai roof, a gleam of orange and green tiles winged with curved finials, called in Thailand, "happy clouds." Note: The Royal crests of Their Majesties, the King's above the Queen's.

HENRY CLARKE

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHULABHORN

As exquisite as a *Kinnari* image, the youngest Royal Princess, seven, is shown in a golden pavilion with her toys, some Thai, some Victorian. Barefoot, jewelled in her own jewels – golden anklets, diamond bracelets, a ruby and diamond necklace – Princess Chulabhorn wears, with her ribboned camisole and pants, a ring of jasmin in her hair. Gold-leafed, lacquered, this small shimmering pavilion is in the walled compound of the Grand Palace at Bangkok.


HENRY CLARKE













THE GOLDEN COURT OF THAILAND

Wondrous, golden, the Kingdom of Thailand is brilliantly represented by its Royal Family, shown here at two of their palaces at Bangkok, called by the Thais, City of Angels. In her dynasty jewels and court dresses, Queen Sirikit posed, *left* and *above*, at Chakri Palace. Decorated with flower-forked palm fronds sprouting from elephant tusks and used for official entertaining, Chakri Palace counts among its sacred satellites the navy-blue roofed Temple of the Emerald Buddha. At Chitraladda Palace, with its park cooled by a lake, the King and Queen live with their young children, the Crown Prince and the three Royal Princesses. There, they live a life unruffled, tender, sporting. On the palace grounds, the Royal children, with other court children, go to school, swim, dance, fly kites, and drive with their parents. A serious monarch, the ninth of the Chakri dynasty, King Bhumibol teaches Prince Vajirlongkorn sailing and to play the saxophone. The King, a poet, painter, and musician, invites student musicians for a swinging session every Sunday. If one player drops out, the King, who was born in Boston and studied *le jazz hot* in Lausanne, takes over.

HENRY CLARKE



ROYAL SPLENDOUR IN THAILAND

Flower-sweet, flamed by a thousand candles, the airy teak pavilion of Rüan Ton, standing on stilts by a dark lake, seemed like the Siam of the nineteenth century at this extravaganza given by Their Majesties. The women of the court, barefoot, in pleated gossamer silks, moved lightly from one perfumed room to another; the men of the court, barefoot, wore long bright skirts with white jewel-buttoned jackets. Seated on saffron-yellow matting, guests ate superb Thai food placed on silver pedestals—shrimp and coconut rolled in thin pancakes, hot lamb on green bamboo shoots with a sauce of herbs, rice wrapped in triangles of banana leaves in crystal bowls of sweetened ice water, honeyed egg cakes. Strung like ornaments throughout the evening were performances by student artists—dances, music, poetry readings. Sometimes in silk headdress, sometimes in stupa-peaked *chadas*, the dancers, toes and fingers arched, danced the mannered, regional steps, each gesture its own poem—"the moon is invested with the halo...the bee caresses the flower"—to an orchestra of lacquered drums, reeded oboes, copper gongs, and bamboo xylophones shaped like Thai river boats.

HENRY CLARKE



BARGAINS IN CHIC

HORST

Beginning here, eight pages of clothes for every kind of day or evening, indoors or out, rain or shine. Everything from adorable little dresses like children's smocks to short tiered dresses on the discothèque wave. Each one very 1965, each dollar buying more than you thought it could. **$25**, for instance, buys one of the springiest looks around, *left*. A stroke of black-and-white Glen plaid with low flap pockets, a fold of white-dotted black silk filling the low V neck, more of the same tucked into a high little handkerchief pocket. Dress by Evan-Picone, of rayon and cotton (Crestwood fabric). Monet bracelet. Both at Peck & Peck. Coiffure by Mr. Hale of Garrison-Ramon. **$145** for more than meets the eye, *right*. A quilted white knitted coat, narrow everywhere, flapped and buttoned over a navy-blue textured silk dress. Worn with a white silk jersey turban wrapped on the head, looped around the neck. Coat of double-knitted wool (Heller jersey). The coat and dress, by Mort Schrader, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wm. H. Block; Harzfeld's. Kislav gloves. Emme turban.







$30 checks, *directly right,* to draw on all season. Navy-blue-and white wool with ruffles springing up along the edges; a vivid fizz of pink jersey at the head and throat. Suit: Jr. Scene by Glenhaven. Wear-Right gloves. All: Macy's. Suit: Himelhoch's. Apex Art earrings. Cap and scarf: Mr.John. **$50** to dance up a white-lace storm, *top left.* Fluttering tiers of cotton lace, lightly bloused at the waist and held by a pale-blue streak of satin. By Frank Adams for Junior Accent. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves: Crescendoe-Superb. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Pappagallo slippers. The coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana. **$46** acting like a small fortune, *centre left*—tiers of silky, scalloped black falling away from the body. By Lanz, textured rayon; junior sizes. Bonwit Teller. Marvella jewellery. Coiffure: Ruel, Coiffures Americana. **$25** for quick black crêpe, *below left*—pleats on the move beneath a tucked blouson top. By R&K, of acetate and rayon. Lord & Taylor; Regenstein's. Kramer necklace. Coiffure by Mr. Hale of Garrison-Ramon. **$35** fashion in living, *opposite page, top.* Wide, wide-sleeved, over-the-knee shift in crinkled ivory plissé, to wear at home with golden leather thongs to the knee. Dominique shift, of Dacron and Avron. Bloomingdale's. **$45** for the unflagging freshness of white piqué, *second from top, opposite,* in a one-piece dress crossed like an overblouse at the front, leashed in white leather—a charming way to look at small dinners this summer. By Abbott East. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure: Mr. Hale of Garrison-Ramon. **$18** T-dress, *third from top, opposite.* Knitted stripes in mint-green and white, with a proper length of sleeve, buttons framed in green piping. By Sue Brett; junior sizes. Of Antron nylon and cotton (Alamac fabric). Bonwit Teller. Coiffure: Ruel, Coiffures Americana. **$40** for a two-piece dress with big-money ideas, *below, opposite.* Neat roll of collar on a top like a small unsleeved jacket; in blue-chip blue with a rough linen weave. By Jeunesse, of textured Barbacane. Saks Fifth Avenue. Wear-Right gloves. Mr. John cap.



BARGAINS IN CHIC

HORST







$25 buys a great little dress shape in black jersey, *directly right*—narrow, low-waisted, skimming the body; the wide cowl neck filled here with white silk. By Leslie Fay, of Celanese textured acetate. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field. Viola Weinberger gloves. Christian Dior stockings: Lord & Taylor. Apex Art earrings: Bergdorf Goodman. Pappagallo shoes. **$20** for a smocked smock, *above right*. Soft, long-sleeved grey jersey hung straight as a schoolgirl's dress from a small, white-smocked yoke. With a clean-white linen collar and a jersey tape to tie loosely on the waist. By Sportwhirl, of knitted cotton (Alamac fabric). At Bloomingdale's. Beautiful Bryans stockings: Bonwit Teller. Coiffure by Mr. Hale of Garrison-Ramon. **$80**-find in white jersey, *above left:* two-piece dress with a clean-edged overblouse buttoned in gilt, pea-jacket pockets; short easy skirt. By Ben Barrack, of wool jersey. At Lord & Taylor. Miriam Haskell necklace. Coiffure by Mr. Hale of Garrison-Ramon. **$20** cools it in navy blue, *centre left:* bare-armed jersey pull over an agile swing of pleats; with a red-white-and-blue scarf tied here under a white felt helmet. Two-piece dress with scarf by Sacony, of Arnel jersey. Lord & Taylor. Richelieu necklace. Adolfo hat. **$65** to stay in on the suit-action straight through the summer, *below left*. Light, crisp, black-and-white tweed in three pieces: unbuttoned jacket over a belted overblouse, pleated skirt. Suit by Abe Schrader, of silk, rayon, and cotton. At Altman's. Gilt necklace by Trifari. The coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.





BARGAINS IN CHIC



$30 for swashbuckled shoes in black cobra, *upper right*, worn with this year's newest stocking: sheer ivory ribbing. Palizzio shoes, Fleming-Joffe cobra. To order: Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne. Cameo stockings. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila. **$75** buys some of the best suit-ideas going at any price, *near right:* longer, long-sleeved jacket, in a neat blue-and-white Glen plaid, with a little notched collar, patch pockets; the skirt gathered at the waist. By Bardley, of wool and Orlon. Best & Co. Smith St. Jacques bracelet. **$30**-boost to this summer's wardrobe, *far right.* Narrow little cocoa-coloured dress in a crisp linen weave—open on throat and arms, with stitched tucks on the bodice. By Jane André, of textured rayon; junior sizes. Lord & Taylor. Coiffures this page: Ruel, Coiffures Americana.

HORST

BARGAINS IN CHIC

$45 in puffed glacé white gleaming for days, evenings, stormy or otherwise, *right:* the anything-goes coat welted, belted, with long narrow sleeves, flapped pockets. By Couture Specialties, of Du Pont nylon with Chem-Stitch process design, laminated to foam. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Berkshire stockings. Hat with scarf by Emme. **$75** for the right coat-shape in ivory wool twill, *far left:* neat and narrow with a rolled collar, double carved pockets buttoned in brass. By Bardley. Best & Co.; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings. Mr. John cap and scarf. **$125** tied up in black leather, *top of page, left.* Double-breasted officer's coat in cheese-white twill, with a black leather tape threaded through flap pockets. By Henry Friedricks for Brittany, of Anglo wool. At Bloomingdale's. Halston hat to order: Bergdorf Goodman. **$120** gets you there at curtain time, *second from top, left,* in grainy black silk—collarless theatre coat with glittered frog fastenings, barely closed over a sleeveless black dress, and worn with a plump little melon of hat in black satin. Costume by Mam'selle; junior sizes. Of American Silk fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Lilly Daché hat. **$110** in brown-and-white checks, *third from top, left*—some of the freshest in town this spring. Straight coat slicked over a sleeveless stem of dress, tied on the waist with brown leather. By Rembrandt, of cotton, rayon, and silk. At Bonwit Teller. Marcel Wagner gloves. Hat by Lilly Daché. **$45** for a firm white whipcord coat, *bottom of page, left:* double-breasted, with long narrow sleeves, small shoulders, proper little rolled collar. By Lassie Junior, of wool whipcord. Altman's. Lilly Daché hat. Scarf by Doro.



HORST

FOR ANOUK AIMÉE...
AN ERMINE PULL,
A FLING OF SABLE

BERT STERN

The sloe-eyed French film beauty, Anouk Aimée, as she might look for after-ski evenings at St. Moritz this winter—luxuriously swathed in fur....Her new movie is *The White Voices*, an Italian comedy. Ermine pullover, far left—with the boat neck, racy charm of a crew shirt; the skins worked laterally, in narrow, snowy little rows. Here—for entertaining in one's own chalet—it's worn with pants of Indian broadtail lamb. Pullover, of Russian ermine. Ring—two jewelled hands: Mary Kruming. Fling of sable tails, left—a marvellous fantaisie for evening; hip-length, collarless, bulky—a largesse of dark soft fur, heaped up layer on layer. Of natural Russian sable tails. Furs, on both pages, by Revillon. Jewelled bracelets on this page, by Jack Gilbert. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

"IT SEEMS



HELMUT NEWTON

THE BRILLIANT, BAFFLING YOUNG FRENCH WRITER, J.M.G. LE CLÉZIO, AND HIS WIFE, MARINA

The other day I felt cold at home and I went outside for a little walk. Not that I'm so fond of walking, actually I think it's a little silly, maintaining an upright position. I'm not very good at swinging my arms naturally, counterbalancing the movement of my legs. But since it's one of the things you have to do, I do it the best I can, and try with all my might to look like some kind of big tropical bird coming out of a lake, all its feathers pasted down, leaving its fossilized footprints for the future. That's how I walk.

The street I live on runs into a working-class district, and that's where I headed, quite naturally, without any apparent reason. I didn't go there right away, though, because I don't like suddenly finding myself in a place I like without being prepared for it. My ideal would be to live in the outskirts of town, on hills covered with gardens and stairways. That way, I'd have several miles to cover, on foot, before reaching the centre of town, and there would be time to get adjusted on the way. At first I wouldn't see anyone, and there would be almost no houses. Only grassy fields, old crumbling walls, and occasional heaps of rubbish at the edge of the slopes. I'd see all that, I'd smell all the smells, each one separate. Now and then, I'd stop along the way and kick at some old tin cans. Then I'd walk along beside some abandoned cemetery, and maybe pass one or two old women dressed in black, maybe even a postman. And I'd keep on walking down the hill. I'd take shortcuts across the fields, I'd pass between houses where there wouldn't be a sound. Down farther, I'd make the dogs bark.

Then I'd walk down a big stairway covered with dead leaves and I'd pass between hedges of mimosa and pepper plants. Around the two hundred and twenty-third step, I'd meet a column of black ants, an exodus. And I wouldn't understand what had forced them to make their escape from the house on the left—hunger or insecticides—to lead them into the house on the right. And there would be a crumpled piece of paper in the gutter, on which a schoolboy hand would have written:

> "On the 12th of July 1588 Drake was playing bowls at Plymouth with some of his officers.
> The Channel separates France and England.
> It seems to me the boat is heading for the island.
> Have you heard about the accident?
> In English automobiles, the steering wheel is generally on the right.
> Napoleon could not land in England because the French fleet had been destroyed at Trafalgar";

and several cigarette butts. At the foot of the stairs I'd see some children playing, and some parked cars. The sun would be gleaming low in the sky, over the sea, about to disappear. But at the last minute, the bell for eight o'clock mass, the children leaving school, or something like that, it would shift to the right and disappear behind the airfield. Down below, still farther down, the men and women would be more numerous, the houses closer and closer together, until they formed a single block of apartment buildings, many storeys, rows of windows and balconies, elevator shafts, roofs so high you couldn't

IS HEADING FOR

TO ME THE BOAT

tell if they were made of tile or cement, garages, sidewalks. intersections, sewer mouths, a park filled with women and baby carriages, several alley cats, all this, thicker and thicker. more and more urban, until, gradually, I stop walking on ground and find myself on asphalt and sand.

Down there, I stopped at the edge of the sidewalk and watched the cars pass. There were a lot of them, going in all directions. It was a funny intersection, without any island of grass in the middle, with a good half-dozen stoplights that changed one after the other. Once, a German car sideswiped a truck; the drivers got out, and looked at their fenders for a few seconds, without a word. They wanted to begin arguing, but the horns started up behind them, and they had to drive on and park farther away. Then I lit a cigarette, without a word either, and waited to see what would happen next. It was a little as if I had been at a window, around noon, watching a street. There were movements, many movements, in all directions, and yet everything seemed quite calm. Perhaps it was a rhythm, or the opposite of a rhythm. The ground was perfectly smooth, without any interruption to catch your eye, or to make you trip. Something like pasteboard, with letters printed on the surface. The cars rolled along on this without a sound, without a jolt, almost without moving. Then they disappeared into the streets, in a gentle current that suggested drops of water on a pane of glass. The people passed very quickly, too, but they suggested something different—a mirror that wasn't reflecting anything. Everything was liquid. Things were set one on top of the other, quite flat, and everything made a harmonious whole. Still, it was far from being perfect; there was something that bothered me about it all, something that made me slightly uneasy. It was: what was I doing, what could I be doing here among all these things, in this story?

And besides, it was cold. I finished smoking my cigarette, then I tossed it on the pavement, just under the front wheel of a passing truck. I turned up the collar of my jacket and began pacing down the street. I looked into the shop windows, one after the next. A salesgirl was standing in front of a shoe store. To make conversation, I asked:

"How much are the slippers?"

"The fur-lined ones?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen francs."

"Thanks."

And I walked around the block six times. By the sixth time, I knew almost everything: the two cafés, including one tobacco shop + the pharmacy + one shoe store + ten greenish street lamps + a police station and lost-and-found + one cheap pottery shop + André Shoes + fifty-six parked cars + eleven scooters + seven bicycles + one motorbike + corner drugstore + one Guild shop + corsets and brassières + books and magazines + the posters + one jewellery and watches + one sidewalk repair, near the south corner + wines wholesale retail + beauty salon + one National Lottery booth + "Florence" of Paris + one notions shop + optician + barber + Jean Leclerc, dental surgeon + one bakery + the entrance of the garage, black and filthy + "Automat" + one Singer Shop + doors + ground floors + barred windows + graffiti + stains + no parking + the doorbells + Lipton Tea + one beggar sitting on the ground + windows + windows + windows, all those openings and excavations at ground level that pierced the walls on all sides; the sixth time around, then, I had to stop; I would have gone on that way for hours, even longer, but the officers on duty in front of the police station began looking at me strangely, and I decided it would be better not to pass them again.

Then I started out again in a straight line, along the main street. I felt much less cold; at the end of the street there was a kind of winter sun, very low, that seemed motionless. As I walked, I looked at it a moment, and suddenly I wanted to know what could be happening to the people who were living three thousand miles ahead. For them the sun would already be very high in the sky. Or perhaps a layer of clouds masked the heat, mixing the soft beams with drops of rain. But from where I was, in winter, it was very hard to know. I began walking very calmly, setting my feet down heels first on the cold asphalt, my eyes fixed on the white ball drowning near the horizon. What was strange, annoying, was that I felt perfectly alive, in the most obvious way, and yet at the same time I seemed to have become transparent in the light. The light waves passed through me as though through a hollow block, and made me undulate slightly from head to foot. My whole body, my whole living body was invincibly attracted by the source of light, and I gradually rose into the open sky; I was sucked up by space, as I moved along, and nothing could stop this ascent. It was as though I were built, brick on brick, into a high building, or a circular wall that drily spread to the pinnacle of the heavens. My flesh was cemented on this relief (Continued on page 137)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In France the critical estimation of the talent of J. M. G. Le Clézio has passed the recognition of a young brilliant flash and settled into admiration of the furnace of talent this writer, at twenty-four, represents. His first novel,* The Interrogation, *recently published in England and in this country, had a close call for the Prix Goncourt but won the Prix Renaudot. A collection of his short stories, including this one, will be published in France this month. A handsome, contained young man, Jean Marie Le Clézio is part French, part English, has a Polish-born wife, and is exceptionally well travelled. Yet his is not the Big Picture, but an area of concentrated detail which, like an Andrew Wyeth pebble, looms to almost surrealistic significance. So personal, so encased in immediate minutiae is his approach that he might write successfully under a glass bell. Sometimes it seems that he has.*

THE ISLAND" BY J.M.G. LE CLEZIO

RACY NEW WAYS TO WEAR A SHIRT



How to wear it? Let's take a look at the ways—which, as of now, extend almost to infinity. Shirts for every hour, made of everything from poplin to leather to paillettes that shimmer like cloth-of-angels'-wings....Shirts with prices from four dollars to nearly four figures....Shirts teamed with pants of satin, corduroy, gingham; with leotards; with a zany jumpsuit, or chopped skirt of shiny white vinyl. ...Shirts made by proper shirtmakers, some with their own triangular head scarfs....All, the greatest, raciest new ways to wear a shirt now—as shown on the eight pages that start here. Pure shirt heaven, left, a pale-pink glow of paillettes on silk organdie—crisply tailored, incredibly light and beautiful with white satin pants, a pink paillette bonnet. Shirt by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; made to order at Henri Bendel. Pants, of silk satin (William Rose fabric), from Jax; about $40. Paillette bonnet by Adolfo. White piqué with scallops on the collar and cuffs of a romantic, slightly Tom-Jonesey shirt, right, with hip-rider pants of pink silk satin. Both from Jax; blouse, of cotton, about $23; pants, of William Rose fabric, about $50. Both pages: shoes by Beth Levine.

RUBARTELLI

RACY NEW WAYS TO WEAR A SHIRT— WITH ITS OWN TRIANGLE SCARF, A WHITE SKIRT, SHORT AND SHINY

Checks are big, this page, in navy blue and white on a cotton shirt with white piqué collar and cuffs, a triangle headwrap. Racy with it: the striped leotard of stretch nylon, the white suède shoes, the white vinyl skirt worn with all the shirts here. Shirt and triangle by Lady Manhattan; about $7. Sloat skirt of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about $18. All at Stern's. Shirt: Roos-Atkins. Leotard by Beautiful Bryans. Shoes: I. Miller. Gingham shirt with raglan shoulders, opposite, a softer kind of shape, a triangle scarf—all black and white cotton checks. By Adelaar, of Wm. Anderson fabric; about $7. Calderon shoulder bag. All, at Lord & Taylor. Shirt, also at Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. The big bold-faced wristwatch—getting more important hourly, by Rolex, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Shoes by Pappagallo. Lace stripes, far right above, woven into a cotton shirt and scarf with fresh-frosting kind of whiteness. By Lady Arrow; about $9 at Stern's; Joseph Horne. Ben-King belt. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Shoes: Pappagallo. The man's idea of good shirt-looks, far right below, in tan cotton Oxford cloth with narrow blue stripes. Shirt, triangle, by Lady Hathaway; about $9 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Rolex watch. Safinia shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.

RUBARTELLI




The chorister's smock, left, in white plissé billowing on an all-over stretch of leotard, jammed with bright flowers. Deeply slit in front, long voluminous sleeves nipped in at the wrist. By Malbe. Of Dacron and Avron (Fabrica fabric). About $16. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Sportwhirl leotard. White safari shirt, upper right, belted above black-and-white legs. Crisply tailored cotton twill flapped and buttoned in brown leather. By Edie Gladstone for Deebs. About $35. Ben-King belt. Beautiful Bryans tights. All: Bonwit Teller. Shirt, also at I. Magnin. Safinia shoes: Saks Fifth Avenue. The button-down shirt in fur, below. Tailored to perfection in white calfskin, racing on long zebra legs. Shirt at Georges Kaplan. Tights of stretch nylon by Capezio. Buckled patent leather shoes by Golo. White handkerchief-linen shirt, opposite page, with a crisp double collar, long cuffed sleeves. All this freshness lights a leotard of bright pink, green, and blue flowers. Shirt by Sidney Heller. Of Moygashel linen. About $16. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Ban-Lon leotard by Sportwhirl, of nylon. At Bloomingdale's.

RACY NEW WAYS TO WEAR A SHIRT–
WITH LEGS ON THE WILD SIDE



RACY NEW WAYS TO WEAR A SHIRT—
WITH PANTS, LONG AND SHORT

Riffles of smocking, left, on a white shirt with spring sprigs of tender green, enchanting with jeans of blond corduroy. Shirt: Ship 'n Shore, of Dacron and cotton; about $5 at Arnold Constable; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Jeans, $7 at Go Casual. Calderon belt: Lord & Taylor. Gloves: Barra. Cumulative checks, above, starting on a sawed-off jumpsuit in blue and white, blazing bigger on a marvellous cotton shirt of fire-engine red and white with button-down collar, a clanging charge of raciness. Shirt by Lady Van Heusen; about $6 at Best & Co.; Frost Bros. Jumpsuit of stretch nylon: Capezio. Pink Oxford classic, right, as traditional, and as charming, as a shirt can be—here with the same pale-beige corduroy jeans shown at far left. Shirt by Macshore, of cotton (Springmaid fabric); $4 at Stern's. Gloves by American Astral. On both pages: shoes by Safinia, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

HERE I AM

BARE AS LIFE AND
TWICE AS NATURAL

Bodily release in the year of the body! The new movement, barely begun, is freeing every body, setting every fashion in motion. Shown on these eight pages are the undercurrents taking over now: as natural to the body as second skin, as toning as exercise, and no more visible than protective coloration. Revelling over it all: masks from a world of make-believe—the only disguise in sight.

"The Trompet sounds,
be maskt,
the maskers come."



PENATI

THE NATURAL ONE-IN-ONE: The next-to-nothing that does everything—cutting clear at the back and sides. By Formfit-Rogers, of naked-beige Lycra. About $14. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Famous-Barr.
THE NATURAL BRA: Naked as skin itself—rounding the bosom in a beguiling curve of moulded net; no dart, no seam. By Warner's, of naked-beige Lycra. About $4. Saks Fifth Avenue; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz.

"The maskers marched forth in trim array"



THE NATURAL SLIP: The understatement of all time, made with fastidious detail—just about the smoothest thing going now. By Vanity Fair of naked-beige nylon tricot. About $10. This, at Altman's; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's.

PENATI



THE NATURAL GIRDLE: Seconding the new motion, the lithest pantie—spun to the body in an airy round of lace. By Jantzen, of naked-beige nylon elasticized with Vyrene. About $8. At Altman's; The Addis Co.; L. L. Berger.



PENATI

"Let the Sutes of the Masquers, be Gracefull, and such as become the Person."





THE NATURAL GIRDLE, *far left:* controlling principle for a light and lithing pantie sweeping round the torso to meet in point d'esprit. By Lily of France, of Lycra. About $13. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Bare minimum, *above left:* naked net holds the line—with a single seam. By Gossard, in power net of Lycra. $4. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida. The real low-down, *below left:* barest-back pantie. By Formfit-Rogers, in power net of Vyrene. About $4. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. THE NATURAL BRA, *above centre:* a banded stretch under-rims freedom. By Vanity Fair, of nylon tricot. About $4. Bloomingdale's; Frost Bros. Light as air, *below centre:* transparent point d'esprit softly rounds the bosom. By Lily of France, in nylon. About $6. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Understatement, *above right:* little demi-bra. Elysée by Tru Balance, of wired, ribboned nylon net. About $13. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Open stretch, *centre right:* a new freedom of elastic lace and crêpe. By Peter Pan, of nylon, silk, Dacron. About $6. At Bonwit Teller; The Broadway. The bare bra, *below right:* the airiest form of support—flowered net. By Bien Jolie, in nylon net and Lycra. About $11. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson.



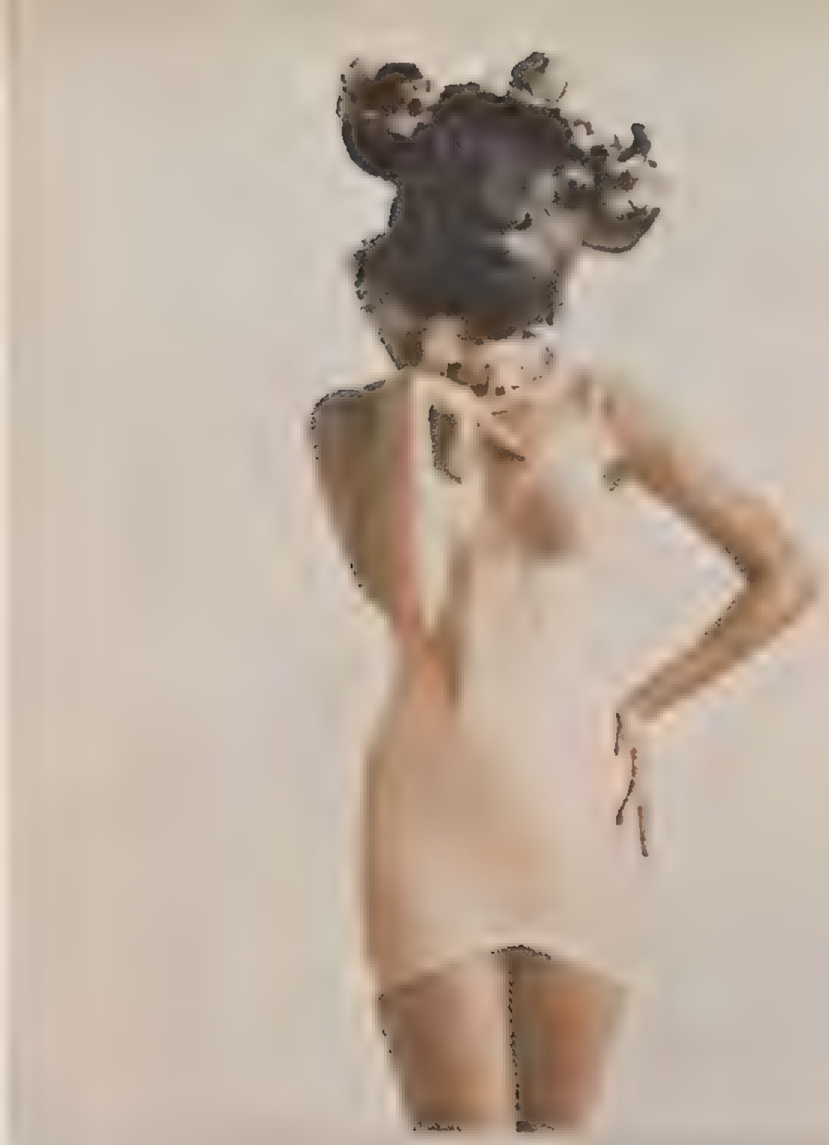


THE NATURAL SLIP, *above left:* smoothly in line with fashion's next moves—in crêpe tricot outlined by scallops at the delicately moulded bosom, the side-slashed hem. By Hollywood Vassarette, of Enka nylon. About $9. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. The bare outline, *centre left:* embodying the here-I-am change that today's fashion stir is all about, a bare-as-skin bodice hews to the bosom above the merest slip of a slip. By Warner's, of stretch nylon and crêpe tricot. About $11. At Lord & Taylor; Filene's. Smooth going, *below left:* lace curves to the bosom, darting swiftly above a short-swerve slip. By Van Raalte, in nylon satin tricot, nylon lace. About $9. Altman's; Hudson's. THE NATURAL ONE-IN-ONE, *below:* one fast stroke of naked-beige net underscores the body at every turn—a snug, sinuous contour moulded by slender panels. By Warner's, in power net of Lycra and nylon lace. About $14. At Bloomingdale's; Weinstock Lubin. Follow-through, *above right:* the one-in-one in power net lithely spun to marquisette. By Bien Jolie, of Lycra, nylon marquisette. About $19. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Once over lightly, *centre right:* barest wisp of a one-in-one—giving the body a smooth line. By Van Raalte, in tricot of Lycra. About $9. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Short romp, *below right:* catching the rhythm of fashion now with a marvellous ease all its own, this little underling gives the body the slip—and ends in a romper banded by lace. By Olga, in nylon tricot and stretch lace. About $6. At Altman's; J. W. Robinson. Brief stretch, *far right:* one of the most delightful briefings any body could ask for—taking in every salient detail. By Vanity Fair, in an interplay of stretch nylon tricot of Lycra with satin and lace. About $8. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

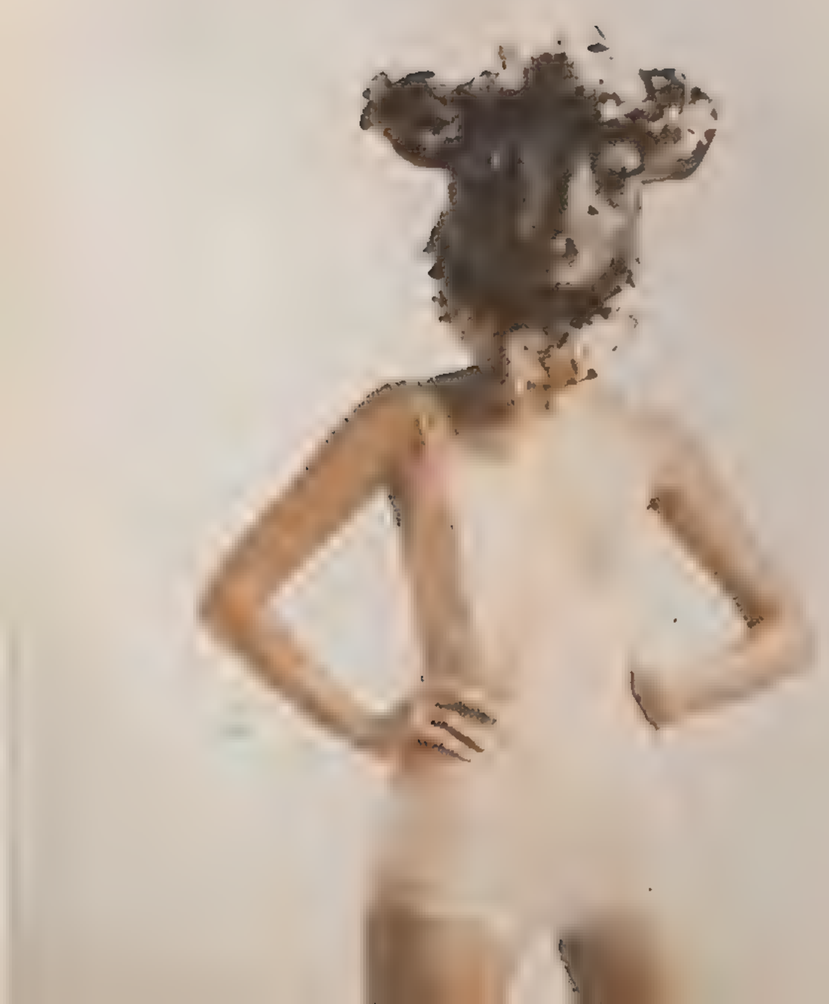


"The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you."













BEAUTY BULLETIN

How to make your figure fit the fashion . . . Adventure story exploring 1965's real clothes crise . . .

You go to a pleasant, likely shop in search of a dress with some fresh spirit to it. Something not like everything already hanging balefully in your closet, but as simple as every dress you've ever thoroughly *enjoyed*. You might start anywhere. Any one of a thousand places. But for the sake of no argument, let's say you start at Bergdorf Goodman's third floor where the knitted dresses, folded flat in neat white slots of shelves, disclose a stash of appetizing colours. Pink. Almond green. Buff. Snuff. White. Pale blue. Fresh-washed colours piled up neatly; dozens of them. . . . You point to two shapes whose prototypes lie spreadeagle on the counter. Both look promising. A pink knitted dress with small sleeves is the first attraction, with its crewed, nothing neckline, its pair of well-turned seams down the front, the run of good buttons down the back. Kimberly by label, Courrèges of kind, and truly a pretty thing. A dress for all seasons, you say to yourself; this is THINKING. . . . The other shape extending a warm personal welcome to you, you feel, is another thin but densely knitted wool. Coarse millet-meal in colour, long-sleeved, oval-collared; again two seams down the front; this time pockets flat on each hip. Uncannily Norell you reflect. Could be—just could be—exactly what the wardrobe-doctor ordered for February. The price tag, glimpsed, is lucky day all over again. Under $60; humane beyond all expectation. Pure philanthropy. . . .

And now for size. "Twelve, I think," you say to the saleswoman, "That is, a size twelve if these dresses *don't run small.*" "They don't, but I'd advise you to take the ten," is the reply. Protesting that you never wear size ten in anything excepting shoes, and—quite happily—millimetre of pearl, you're swept along to the dressing room, guided firmly by a saleswoman over whose arm hang two dresses: one pink, one millet, both marked size ten.

Struggling first into the pink choice—struggling, not slithering easily—you say, "You see? This dress is much too small for me." "*Is* it?" the vendeuse asks with a smile. "Come, walk outside and get used to it. You're wearing a dress that fits the new way clothes are meant to fit. It's a size smaller than you would have worn last year."

And indeed it is. Without being diagnostically tight anywhere (there's sit-down room in it, you've discovered), this dress is simply *small all over*. Smaller in the shoulder. Around the chest and back. In the sleeve. Through the middle. And certainly smaller in the reaches of the skirt-length, which now reveals a good half-inch of your own scalloped underslip, as well as a pair of knees which, having passed their teens and then some, look to your eyes quite like the outsize walnuts hybridized successfully (and just in time for this past Christmas) by the proud, outsize State of California. . . . Doubtful as you are about the whole effect, and wondering darkly now whether size twelves could in fact be in not exactly red-hot stockroom supply at the moment, you decide nonetheless that since the dressing-room mirror has not shattered at the sight of you, (Continued on page 124)

"A WOMAN MUST LOOK SMALL IN THE RIGHT PLACES TO LOOK ELEGANT, WHATEVER HER ACTUAL SIZE IS"

"Our size tens are still tens, our twelves are still twelves, but every dress we make now is cut on a basic pattern that's been revised twice in the past two years." The fashion equivalent of Ford putting all its cars on skis, this revision was described by Malcolm Starr, the maker of the dress you see at left, as follows: "We resized our patterns for what we feel is the modern proportion. Much smaller look to the shoulder. Sleeve and bosom cut higher. A little less narrow in the hips. And for the look of youngness, waistlines shortened—but shortened at the front of the dress only. . . . Of course, much shorter skirts." Short evening dress shown here, of pink silk and cotton lace, about $125 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings by Mimi di N. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire.



BEAUTY BULLETIN

Catherine Spaak—the girl with the marvellous knees

Narrow, slender knees—as rare in beauty as truly pretty ears; a strong lean stretch of body with the vitality of a young leopard's. This is the figure that fits the fashion now...and Catherine Spaak has it—all that leggy verve and the added flame of charm that's made her the rage of young Italy, an international wow on records, in the movies. Last year: *The Easy Life* with Vittorio Gassman, and the charged, teen-age whirlpool, *Crazy Desire.* Coming soon: *The Little Nuns. Left:* Catherine Spaak wearing a long knitted pull of orange wool, magenta-dotted...the only shape it has is hers, which proves, in our mind, that the figure makes the fashion. Pull by Micia; Macy's Little Shop. Bangle earrings by Nucci for Micia. Fiorentina shoes. Coiffure: Claudio, Rome.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from page 121) you'll follow instructions and walk the plank outside. But first, hitching up your slip to give the dress a fighting chance, you ask the saleswoman whether there isn't something awfully wrong about your girdle. This soft little dress looks—uh—a bit crispy in the hips. Jutting where girdle ends and you begin is a small but unmissable ledge of thigh. "Definitely the wrong girdle; it ruins the line," the vendeuse agrees. Murmuring something about how the purchase of a smoother undercontainer is a must, she helps you hop to her suggestion.

Now ungirdled, with slip hiked out of sight, leggier than you've looked in day-clothes in years, you move to the outer regions. Visiting tentatively a long mirror near the counter, you meet, and stop to speak to, an acquaintance whom you haven't seen in ages. Her approval of the way you look is immediate and genuine and, even better than all that, informed: she has been dressing in Paris from the vrai Courrèges for the past two seasons or so. In a matter of less than minutes, you begin to feel not only quite comfortable but exultant in one pink dress, size ten. Having been psyched out of your own fashion-stalemate by a saleswoman whose rare firmness of purpose is another name for caring, you realize you've been forced to understand the new millennium in fashion. Which is: the *amount* of dress is the difference between what looks old and what looks new. And more than that, between what looks old and what looks *young*. . . .

Skimp dress . . . skimp suit . . . skimp coat. A whole new sequence could begin here. But having owned, in your time, clothes whose smartness harboured enough strangeness to require elaborate explanations to your own private public (and all but Louis Nizer for defense), you make a decision. You will take the small pink dress. You will take the small millet dress. But you will learn to do as much in their behalf as possible. Meaning: you will work at the neatening and narrowing of knees. At the firming of arms. At a resolute tautness of body. You'll sleuth all information available that might prove helpful in any way—the right underthings; the pair of stockings that might, through some special fashioning, give your legs more raciness than another pair could. And, hopefully, you'll discover how it is that Courrèges himself, the maestro of the smaller proportion, copes with his clients who identify neither with mannequin figure nor mannequin age, but dress charmingly from Courrèges all the same. (Two such, whose names pop into the detective bureau of your mind. Mrs. Van S., whose sons once quite wisely extracted from her a solemn oath she'd *never* try to frug; and Mrs. W. W., whose size out-Rubens Rubens quite deliciously.)

So: you pry open the pipeline to Courrèges. He replies: "It is the job of a couturier to make clothes which enable a woman to feel in them as if they were a second skin." Starting from a precise idea of a style which is built on a mannequin whose body is young and whose proportions are young—a body as nearly ideal as possible—he creates a model. From the ideal model, his work for each client is a "transposition of volume"—in order to recreate the illusion of a young body, that is, camouflaging sagging bosom or spreading hips. He feels inner construction in a dress is démodé; believes extreme constriction in undergarments is also passé. "Imagine if a tailor insisted that a man wear a girdle!" [Editor's note: Tailors don't insist, but evidently lots of men do; the market in men's foundations is growing impressively.] . . . Courrèges views figure problems as the couturier's bailiwick; thinks that applies to ready-to-wear manufacturers as well as custom designers. "The evolution of modern life is such, however, that women's bodies are slimmer, healthier, and better proportioned, because they are more active and pay more attention to their figures.". . .

Having had the word from the master tailor, next stop is tea with the friend whose cleverness about underthings is like another woman's cooking expertise. Your pink dress goes along to state the problem. . . . "Aha! Don't tell me," she begins. "You want to know what girdle will give you a nice little sugar coating, but you want to avoid sudden thigh and garter bumps." Pleased at this exhibition of her clairvoyance—which, she confides, operates only at the fashion level, and never at the race track—she continues: "If you had a (Continued on page 146)

THE NEW WAY TO FIT GLOW TO THE FACE

Latest in her extraordinary
feeling for what it is
that female faces could use
in the way of beauty help:
Estée Lauder's new after-rouge.
Described by her as "a finishing
glow," it's a slip of taut colour,
creamy-liquid in substance,
slithery of fit—and altogether
sneaky in its illumination.
Meant to outfit the face with a
slight gloss, it's the final step
in make-up, and goes on
after everything else is set.
This, called "Glow in the Round,"
ready in about two weeks' time.
Ready now, another new
Estée Lauder glow: Pink Apricot
for the mouth. Arresting
as the rest of her famous
lipstick shades, but pinkier,
and apricotted for dazzle.
Make-up at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Neiman-Marcus. Scarf hat
to order, at Lilly Daché.

PENN





SHOES ALL STRIPS AND STRAPS, NEW STOCKING BRAVURA— EVERYTHING WILD AND WONDERFUL

The next kicks for legs and feet: beautiful fantasy stockings, with witty new shoes for sidekicks—mere stripling shoes that play along with great stockings now, for the barest, lightest-hearted feet on any ground. Here, for the barefoot girl with chic, are scroll straps, T-straps, ankle straps; invisible straps where nudeness is ALL, narrow strips that lace a little gold shoe up as far as a leg can reach. . . . Fantasy heels, shaped like columns, rows of crystal beads, curvy crusts of jewels. . . . A switch on bareness in black suède spats that reach above the ankles but leave toes and heels open. . . . A walking shoe with strapped back to wear with wildwildWILD stockings of galloping wool. . . . The important clearing away of a stocking's toe and heel reinforcements, as shown in. . . . STOCKINGS WITH STAINED-GLASS PRINTING, opposite, figured in geometrics of blue, lavender, and greenish colours that soften into shadowy sheerness—marvellous fantasies for day or evening. By Beautiful Bryans, of nylon tricot; about $5 at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. SNOWFLAKE LACE, above, in white nylon with a frosty finish, sheer pretty feet to show dancing in strippy little-nothing shoes. By Ariadne; about $3 at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Halle Bros.

FANTASY FOR



ART KANE

LEGS AND FEET

FANTASY FOR LEGS AND FEET

All-out allure to dare now, left—the sheerest black stockings scattered with black velvet flowers down to the toes, in shoes that show all: mere straps of silver kidskin, floating on invisible moorings, the heel of cut-glass beads. Stockings by Hanes seamless, of nylon with Dacron velvet; about $8 at Best & Co. Shoes by Evins; about $100. To order at I. Miller, New York. Stockings and shoes, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. All-over ivory lace, gold ankle-straps, opposite. An ivory lace leotard to wrap in yards of bright gonflé silk. Roman sandals of gold kidskin with pyramid heels, rhinestones on the many buckles. Leotard by Bewitching, of Helanca stretch nylon lace; about $15 at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin. Shoes, about $100; to order at Capezio.

ART KANE

FANTASY FOR LEGS AND FEET

ART KANE

Alabaster straps on a set-in column of black wood. far left, all wide open,showing feet in bright parrot-green fishnet. Shoe by Julianelli of Hubschman calf-skin; about $10 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Christian Dior stocking of stretch nylon; about $3. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. Spats with cherries, left. Black suède barely attached to a red wooden clog; fat black cherries on the toes. By Herbert Levine; $65. To order at Bonwit Teller. Dotted stretch nylon leotard by Beautiful Bryans. Jewelled stocking, tied in brocade, above. Gold-and-silver brocade strips, bow-tied over a cluster of rhinestones at the ankle of a dark nylon stocking. Sandal by Stanley Philipson; $30 at Andrew Geller, N. Y. Stocking: Mary Grey; $3. Bergdorf Goodman. Walking shoe, strapped, right. Yellow suède sling-back, held at the heel, brass-buckled, wearing the gayest stocking in town—knitted yellow, orange, pink wool. Shoe by Continentals, of Fleming-Joffe leather; $17 at Lord & Taylor. Stocking by Micia, imported by Adler; about $25, to order at Lord & Taylor.

FANTASY FOR LEGS AND FEET



Gold mules laced to the hips, farthest left, over a stretch of black diamond lace. Shoes by Andrew Geller, of Allied kidskin; $65. To order at Andrew Geller. The leotard by Bewitching, of Helanca stretch nylon; $15 at Altman's. Everything blooming, centre left, buckled black-and-white sandals; dark stockings, of flowery nylon lace. Shoes by Delman, of Liberty of London cotton; $40. Stockings by Hanes seamless; $2. Both are at Bergdorf Goodman. Black spool heels, near left, and a scroll of T-straps in pumpkin-yellow kidskin. The black sheer tights with a new cling, made of Agilon stretch nylon yarn. Shoes by Julianelli, of Shrut & Asch kidskin; $40 at Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's. Tights by Solar; $4 at Bergdorf Goodman. Buckled white T-straps, right, opening on black heavy-wool stockings crocheted with wickerwork holes. Shoes by Divina, of white calfskin; about $13 at Famous-Barr. Stockings by Adler; $25. To order at Lord & Taylor.

ART KANE



Franco Zeffirelli, the brilliant Florentine director whose production of *Qui a Peur de Virginia Woolf?* is a controversial success in Paris, loves to eat, loves to talk food. One night last fall, after a performance of *Virginia Woolf,* I went with Zeffirelli to La Raclette, on rue Suger, a cellar bistro known for its finely spiced cooking and its entryway: a trapdoor through which people descend like bags of coal. As we stuffed ourselves with French food *(salade aux lardons, tournedos à la crème, oeufs à la coque),* we talked, furiously, about the Italian variety—in particular the food of Zeffirelli's native Tuscany, as cooked by the director and his Aunt Lyde, with whom he lives part of each year.

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "In the summer my aunt and I share a big house in Italy by the sea, to the south of Leghorn. It is a glorious region: kilometre after kilometre of red rocks. I settle there for the month of July and I like to entertain without limit, without plan. I say to everyone 'come . . . come . . . come.' Sometimes we are four, sometimes thirty. We swim, water-ski, climb the rocks, and always we are starved, which is fortunate because my aunt smiles only if people like to eat. She has but one desire in life: to get fat and make me fat."

NINETTE LYON: "Who prepares the meals? Your aunt?"

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "Both of us, together. Sometimes we fight. I want fish. She hates fish because it costs too much. Florentines are sinister this way. If you could see their dustbins—always empty! They save paper, string; they grind up eggshells and fish scales and give them to the chickens; they cut up leftover salad leaves for a neighbour who has rabbits. They also have a craving for food produced *in loco,* at home. When we are at the seashore, over seventy-five kilometres from Florence, my aunt sends, by car, for plums from the trees in her city garden. It's marvellous! Thrift vanishes. She never thinks how much the gasoline is costing her."

NINETTE LYON: "Do you entertain much in the winter, when you are living in Rome?"

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "Always someone for lunch. My apartment is near the Piazza di Spagna and the windows look out on a convent. It is very beautiful and, whenever my aunt is there, it becomes a haven, especially for people who work in Rome but aren't Romans.

"The food in Roman restaurants is heavy. Once you leave Rome you find a kind of phony French cooking. Everything is overdone, overelaborate. Milan is the southern Switzerland, but there the dishes are Austrian. Veal cutlets Milanaise are nothing more than flattened-out Wiener Schnitzels. Tuscan cooking is by far the finest in all the world. Chickens have no taste except around Florence, where they can run wild and eat as they please. We cut them in two, lengthwise, then pound them, then grill them on a wood fire. The taste is unique.

"In France, of course, one eats well everywhere. What's missing from French cooking is the white truffle and our kind of wild mushroom. It seems it isn't possible to transplant these things. White truffles grow only in one place, near Turin. You hunt for them with dogs. It is black truffles that are dug up by pigs.

"You find the wild mushrooms in the chestnut forests of central Italy. After a long hot spell, it storms, then it is hot again, and the mushrooms push up like explosions. For me, this is associated with childhood memories: after staying in for a number of rainy days, we would explode out of the house like the mushrooms out of the ground."

NINETTE LYON: "What do you hate to eat?"

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "I don't like opposites, together. That is what spoils the fundamental nature of taste. Sweet and sour. Chinese cooking—not to mention Chinese music."

NINETTE LYON: "It's clear: you like Tuscan cooking. Could you give me the recipe for *panzanella?*"

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "Like everything else, *panzanella* is tied up with Florentine economy. In all the country people's houses the stale bread is saved in bags. To make *panzanella* you must soak stale country bread in cold water for fifteen minutes. During that time, slice a red onion in thin wedges, soak the wedges in white wine vinegar, then rinse in cold water. (Continued on next page)

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Franco Zeffirelli is as that rarity, a director who designs his own productions; the results are violent as a street gang, romantically coloured as a Burne-Jones, with a pace that wears red shoes. In a Zeffirelli-staged play or opera, people jump, throw back their heads, howl, and, even in old age, give a roar of vitality, a bay at the moon. Born and raised in Florence, Zeffirelli once studied architecture, stormed onto the theatrical scene ten years ago with explosive versions of classic operas at La Scala: La Traviata, Cavalleria Rusticana, *and* Pagliacci; *soon he was reproducing them in London, Dallas, Chicago, San Francisco. He astonished New York with theatre and opera, a* Romeo and Juliet *for the travelling Old Vic which shouted young love, a miraculous* Falstaff *at the Metropolitan which summed up, joyously, age. Sometimes he fizzles (this is the way with fireworks) but at his best, few other theatre people can match his fresh eye, exuberance, versatility. In Paris, Edward Albee's play* Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? *is his personal triumph; in Rome this spring he will do Arthur Miller's* After the Fall, *and next year the Italian* Virginia Woolf. *Humorous, knowing, Zeffirelli, at forty-two, looks like someone François Truffaut would like to put in a movie, more impudent schoolboy than impresario.*

BRUNO BARBEY

Crumble the bread, add the onions and leaves of basil just picked from the garden, cut in strips. Add salt, pepper, lots of Tuscan olive oil, and for each person, one skinned, seeded tomato, cut in small pieces, tossed in vinegar. And that's it!"

NINETTE LYON: "Fresh basil? That's not so easy to find."

FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI: "Once I found fresh basil in New York. I was overcome with nostalgia for Italian food, and I made Florentine spaghetti. I went to the Italian section of Brooklyn and I found a man who planted basil in his window box, so I had everything: the basil, the spaghetti, the very best Parmesan cheese, but in the end it was like something without a soul, that spaghetti. It had no sunshine. At that moment I understood that in America one must eat as Americans do, in England as the English, and in Rome . . ." as the Florentines.

Here, three Tuscan recipes from the special collection of Franco Zeffirelli.

Florentine rice
for four people

1½ cups long grain rice
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups water
5 tablespoons butter
½ cup strong beef bouillon
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
3 egg yolks
½ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese
Freshly ground pepper

You need a very good quality of rice as it must not be washed.

Bring water and salt to a rolling boil. Sprinkle the rice into the water so it does not stop boiling. Stir once or twice and cook, uncovered, for 14 to 18 minutes depending on the rice. Keep extra water boiling to add to rice if it gets too dry before it is done. When done rice should be firm.

Heat a serving bowl. Put in the softened butter, the bouillon, heated and beaten into the egg yolks, the lemon rind, grindings of pepper, and the Parmesan cheese. Beat well together.

Drain the rice well and add to the bowl. Toss together adding bouillon if needed to keep moist. About ½ cup of heavy cream, warmed, may be added. Under no circumstances should the Parmesan be replaced by Gruyère.

Note: Spaghetti may be used instead of rice.

Rigaglie in Zimino (Giblet mix)
for four people

8 chicken livers
8 chicken hearts
8 chicken gizzards
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
1 pound kale
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 onion, chopped
1 stalk celery, chopped
4 sprigs parsley, chopped
6 tomatoes, skinned and seeded, or small can whole peeled tomatoes
Pepper

Wash livers and other giblets. Soak them in a bowl of cold water with the vinegar. Meanwhile wash the kale well and plunge it into boiling salted water and cook five minutes. Drain very well, then cut into strips. Heat the butter and oil in a saucepan and gently simmer the onion, celery, and parsley for 5 to 6 minutes. Add the tomatoes. Simmer again for 5 to 10 minutes or until the juices are reduced. Drain and dry all giblets. Cut in pieces with scissors; add to the tomato mixture and let cook 5 minutes before adding the kale. Mix well and cook gently about 10 minutes. Season with pepper to taste and serve immediately.

Variations: The livers and other giblets may be replaced by seafood such as tiny squids or octopus cut in pieces, the onion replaced by garlic. In this case use olive oil entirely instead of part butter and let the fish cook completely before adding the kale.

Note: Franco Zeffirelli said that this dish is a close relative of the one served in the second act of *Don Giovanni.*

Chicken liver canapés
for four people

4 chicken livers, chopped
1 slice of onion
½ carrot, chopped
2 tablespoons capers
1 large tomato, peeled, seeded, diced
1 cup beef bouillon
2 filets of anchovy, chopped
4 thick slices bread, cut from a small round loaf (Italian country bread)
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
Freshly ground pepper

Heat oil and butter in a small saucepan. Brown the onion and chopped carrot; add the capers and the chicken livers. Give the mixture a few grindings of pepper. Add the tomato. Simmer to reduce the juices. Add ¼ cup bouillon and reduce again. Mix in the chopped anchovies and simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Cut the bread slices in two and toast. Spread chicken liver mixture on toast. Serve hot.

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"It seems to me the boat . . ."

(Continued from page 103)

map of the world, and I felt it move and grow, splitting, lazily stretched toward the sun, like some kind of eucalyptus. That was freedom, or something of the kind. I passed men and women in the street, and saw them quite clearly, silhouetted against the white background of the horizon; or else obstacles, animals, street lamps, old men marking time at the edge of the sidewalk, came toward me as I walked; but at the last second they seemed to stand aside and dissolve like branches, and I was still entering the empty sky.

I walked a very long time that way without realizing it. Then the street curved, and the light went away. I came to at the edge of a concrete wall, an empty lot, a demolition site, or something of the kind. I came to just like that, all of a sudden, in the darkness, naked, chilled, and I had to look hard at several objects and a few people to become small and anonymous once again.

A few minutes later the sun went down. I didn't see it disappear, but I understood from certain things around me that this had happened quite simply. A colour had changed in the street, and on the housefronts. We had shifted discreetly from shadow to darkness. And almost at the same time, the street lights came on, one after the other. I stared for a moment at the bluish star that rose inside the bulbs, turned green, then whitish, then blue again, but harsher; it seemed funny and familiar, these lights that advanced like this, slowly, down the streets of the town. I suddenly wanted to be very high in the sky, in a helicopter, or on top of a hill, to follow the creeping white dots. The town would have been drawn in relief for me, and I would have thought of all these houses, and all these streets where human life was in action; I would have thought of all the designs one could make, following all those dots with a ball-point pen. I would have thought of piles of beds, of warm rooms, of tables, chairs, cars, vegetable carts. I would have played at being here, or there, or somewhere else, each time taking a light as a guide. Or else I would have played at being the town itself, and I would have felt on my flat body, full of bruises and eruptions, the sharp itching of these gleams of light, like the dotted lines of an invisible sewing machine.

When everything was quite black, except for these white dots of the windows and the streetlamps, I started up again. I lit another cigarette, and smoked it as I walked. I looked at the faces of the people I passed in the street, or who passed me. The lighting varied the angles of the shadows, and sometimes I saw eyes with heavy pouches under the eyelids, sometimes hair lit up like haloes, sometimes hands, legs moving, clothes turning shabby under the neon light, blacking figures swarming in the shadow near the walls. I walked a long time like that, making big arcs through the town. I passed through the outskirts of the town, far from the sea, in a neighbourhood of factories and empty lots. It was deserted, and the air was cold. Then I came to a square, a kind of huge buckling square, covering the riverbed, where there wasn't anything, not a tree, not a house, not a candy store, or a newspaper kiosk, nothing but motionless cars. I crossed the parking lot. I saw hundreds of dark windowpanes, undulating hoods, black, blue, grey, red, green, white, tires, fenders, headlights, windshield wipers. Here, too, the place was deserted. Now and then, in the middle of this sea of cars, under the dirty rain of the street lamps, appeared a solitary man in a raincoat, or a couple, leaning against a hood; from all

(Continued on page 138)

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SHULTON

"It seems to me the boat . . ."

(Continued from page 137)

these parked machines rose a kind of vague murmur which was no longer sound, and not yet silence. As if the continuous hum of the two parallel rivers of the streets framing the parking lot penetrated these masses of congealed metal and made them echo faintly with a music full of grease and distance.

In a way I was nourished by this murmur. It went into my ears and through my skin and established itself inside my body, releasing strange mechanisms, gears. After a while, I had become a kind of car myself, a secondhand machine no doubt; my skin had hardened, had acquired metallic tints, and deep in my entrails there was a dancing mechanism that kept going off, right, left, right, left. Pistons stuck out, valves went in, and inside a fold of solid flesh, something like a cylinder head, a hot and powerful breath suddenly lit up and went out in its own explosion, pushing down waves of soot-gorged smoke, heavy as pools of blood. Then, caught up by the movement, I was lost in the centre of this labyrinth of shining bodies. I bumped into the chromium-plated bumpers, I was machine-gunned by the beams from the headlights, flattened, crushed to the ground by pairs of wheels that passed over me and made patterns on my skin with their tires. I kept moving, I threaded my way between the rows of cars. As I went, names hooked onto me and remained fixed on my retinas, De Soto, Pontiac, Renault, Ondine, Panhard, Citroën, Ford. Without running, I zigzagged across the macadam, avoiding the swollen forms, the edges of the fins, the windshields, the hoods, the spare tires. I crawled under the trucks, scraped my back against the transmissions, in the dimness full of smells of gas and puddles of oil. In the greasy darkness, and between the tires. For me, these were tiny stifling rooms with rubber walls, whose low ceilings swarmed with tubing and wires. And I took my place in these rooms, quite near the ground, and lived in them entirely, like a quadruped.

That was it, I was a kind of alley cat, terrified by noises and lights, and spent all my time creeping under the bellies of cars.

When I had left the parking lot, crawling under a Berliet, I saw a park, and behind it, a big square surrounded by arcades; it was here that I walked for twenty minutes. People began looking at me strangely, because I had stained my clothes with grease, and had torn the right knee of my trousers from dragging myself under the cars. Then I went into the thick of the crowd and let myself be carried on by without speaking. When I was tired, I picked out a bench at the edge of the sidewalk, and sat down. I smoked a cigarette, watching the cars drive by. After a while, since I didn't know what to do, and since I've never liked looking at things in front of me for too long at a time, I began digging letters, one after the other, into the back of the bench with a pointed stone. It came out something like:

AXEIANAXAGORASEIRA

I saw a little girl who was trying to roller skate with only one skate. She worked up momentum, then coasted forward, both arms raised, and slid along on one foot. But she kept losing her balance suddenly and, each time, almost fell down. She actually did fall two or three times. But this didn't seem to discourage her, and she always began again, tirelessly; once, she passed close to the bench, and grabbed onto it in order to stop. I looked at her and said:

"You're not afraid of falling, are you?"

But she didn't answer. A minute later, when she was near the bench again, I asked her the same question. She said:

"If I had both skates, I wouldn't fall down."

I asked her why she didn't have both skates. She thought for a moment, then she answered:

"It's Ivan. My little brother. He has the other skate. You see, the skates are his, so he only lends me one at a time."

She went around a few more times like that, on one foot, avoiding the people on the sidewalk, then she returned to the bench.

"If he let me have the right skate, it would be easy. But he only lets me have the left one. So. . . ."

I told her that I didn't know there were left and right roller skates. I thought they were interchangeable.

"Usually they are. But these are special," she said, showing me her foot. "See, there's a kind of shoe on top. Usually there are only the wheels. But these skates have a kind of shoe to put on your foot; they're special, so you can't hurt yourself."

I told her it was too bad she couldn't put the left skate on her right foot, and that it must be difficult, on her left leg, to keep from falling, except, of course, for people who are left-handed. She looked at me a little pityingly, and explained:

"Left-handed wouldn't be much help for your feet, you know."

I tried to explain that there were people who were left-footed, just as there were people who were left-handed, but she didn't seem to believe me. She told me that that was silly, just silly. So I merely answered that it still must be hard to roller-skate on just the left foot. She shouted at me:

"You just have to get used to it!"

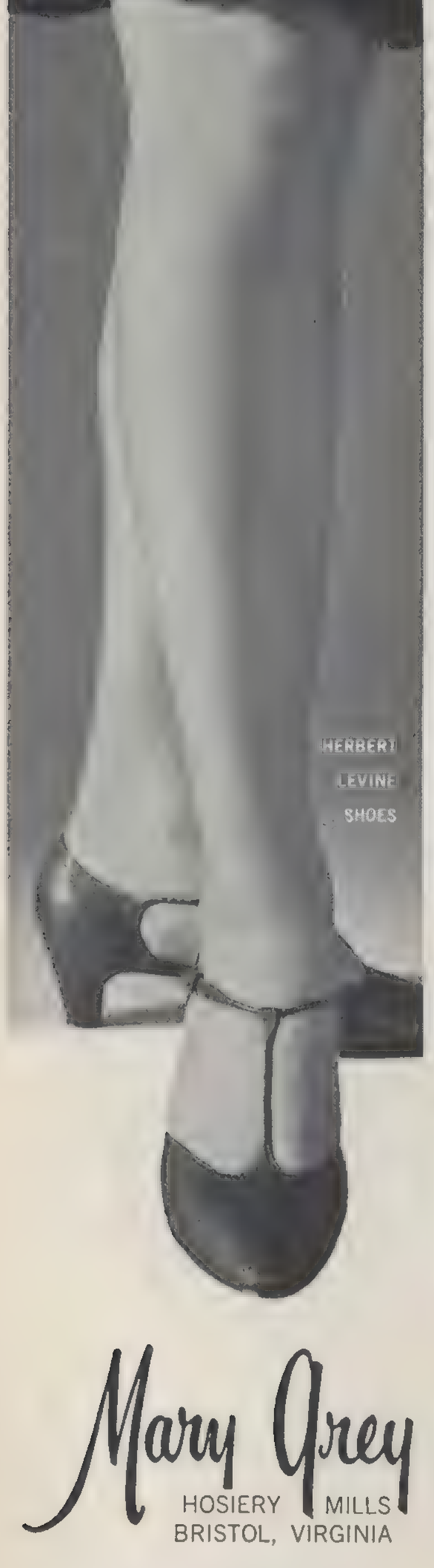
And she started off again.

(Continued on page 139)

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"*It seems to me the boat . . .*"

(Continued from page 138)

This time she went a long way away, and a group of people walking by hid her from view. I waited a moment for her to reappear because I wanted to ask her to let me try her skate, but she didn't come back, and since I was beginning to feel cold again, I left too.

Near the station I met a girl I had known since childhood. Her name is Germaine, Germaine Salvadori. I hadn't seen her for a long time, on account of my trip to Bulgaria. We talked about one thing and another, standing there on the sidewalk. She told me she was married now, and that she had a little girl named Elodie. I told her that was an odd name, and so on, but actually that wasn't the truth, I really thought the name was pretentious and stagy. She suggested we have a drink somewhere, probably in memory of the days when I used to go out with her. I was thirsty and I accepted. I listened to everything she told me—her trip to Spain, her marriage, the name of her husband, her little girl, her education, her job—intensely, as if it had been the truth. There was something I didn't understand behind all those words, a kind of drama that was being concealed from me. I was very eager to figure it out, to penetrate so many ramparts, to explore all the passageways of the labyrinth, methodically, one by one, to drive a hole with my head through the obstacle of oblivion. It was exhausting. After an hour my head began to ache behind my eyes, and the lights and sounds of the café moved around me like people. I felt armoured, hermetically sealed against something, impermeable to the fireworks of other men and of this woman. She said:

"I heard about the success of your play, you know. I read about it in the papers, and it reminded me of school. What's the name of that play,, again? I don't remember anymore. . . ."

"*Preface.*"

"That's right, *Preface.* I remembered it was a word with a prefix, but all I could think of was Obstacle, or Perspective, or Overpriced, or something like that. Anyway, it went well, didn't it? Are you pleased?"

"Yes, I really am," I said.

"I didn't read it, I'm afraid to say, but there was a lot about it in the papers when it came out. It's about emotional problems, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's right, emotional problems."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"You mean, in the theatre?"

"Yes."

"Oh. I don't know. I'll wait and see."

"You must have had some interesting offers, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I'd rather wait and see."

"Of course, you're waiting for inspiration."

"Yes, that's it, I think it would be better to wait a little longer."

"You know, I remember your first effort—at school. Do you? The experiment with the Rimbaud poem? Your ideas were a little too original in those days, I think. It was way above the level of the class, don't you think? Besides, Berthier hadn't flunked you out, that year. Everyone thought you were just kidding around, but not me. I knew you were someone. Frankly—no, it's true—I always knew you'd do something."

I smiled humbly, finished my glass of beer, and said I'd better be going now, because of an important appointment. If I had suddenly said that I was tired of sitting there, at that table, in that café, among all those people, opposite her, she wouldn't have understood; but by making up an important appointment, I was sure she

(Continued on page 141)

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"It seems to me the boat . . ."

(Continued from page 139)

wouldn't mind. She called the waiter, payed for the drinks, and stood up. We left together, and said good-bye to each other in the doorway. I watched her walk away to the left, then disappear into the crowd between a newspaper kiosk and a jewellery store whose window was full of harsh neon lights.

It was growing late now, nine or ten. Already you could see the signs of the coming silence all through the town. Sleep was penetrating everything, rising gently. An icy, calm substance, coming from nowhere, from the back of the sky maybe, or from that point on the horizon, that deep black spot opposite the place where the sun had disappeared. Like animals filled with a strange anxiety, suddenly like a cloud of pigeons or flies, men and women strode along the sidewalks, sometimes dark, sometimes lit up by the wan lights of a shopwindow. And the streetlights began to glow all alone in the dead of night.

When I saw such things spread out everywhere before my eyes, I felt a kind of clear and distinct melancholy fill my mind. I understood that everything was obvious and pure and icy, eternally devoured, without heat or scintillation, like stars in the void. I realized that time was passing, that I was on the earth, and that I was using up each passing day, without hope but without despair. I realized that when autumn comes around again, I am no longer anything.

Then I went back the way I came and followed the boulevard along the river. There I went down the steps of a little stairway and walked along the dry riverbed. I walked on the pebbles, between the weeds and the puddles of stagnant water. Over to the left there was the thread of dirty water, flowing calmly. Sometimes, between the little piles of stones, you could see little muddy trickles with twigs floating in them. The air was black, and in places smelled of smoke. Beside piles of rubbish, little fires, broken crates attested the presence of a secret human life. Down below, toward the centre of town, the river flowed under a covered square, and the bums all lived there together. When winter came, with the cold, they retreated inside the shelter; sometimes a sudden flood swelled the river, and they were all drowned, or almost all.

I wandered a while like that. through this dump; I was very thirsty, so I drank some water from one of the mud puddles. If I caught typhoid, so what, it is an end like any other. Then I sat down on a pile of stones and smoked a cigarette. I stared at the town once again and felt something like amusement. I filled my hands with pebbles, and tossed them at a tin can on top of a pile of stones. When I was through, I stretched out on my back, on top of the cold stones, and stared at the black sky. I don't know why, but I suddenly remembered a poem my brother Eddie had written before he went away, six or seven years ago. I recited it aloud, for myself and for the bums. This is how it went:

bitter or what
I withdraw my desire
I abandon my glory
I open the door to No
I couldn't care less if
  birds fly
I no longer like red
fate is a stepping-stone
for the incapacitated.

Tomorrow I'm taking the
  train . . .

Afterwards I stayed a long time that way, stretched out on the stones. I no longer felt the cold, nor smelled the smells. There was nothing left of me but location, lightly set like a dead leaf. Then nothing. And now I come back every night to see again, from the top of the balustrade, in the dry riverbed, among the pebbles, the weeds, and the garbage, the place where I disappeared.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD HOWARD



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Jacobson's
Michigan

The New Perceptual Art

(Continued from page 80)

intention—the artist applies his knowledge that no arrangement of shapes, lines, dots, or whatever has an invariable identity in vision. His works confirm the conclusion of psychologists that what used to be called "optical illusions" now put in question any belief in objective perception.

One of the most striking recent developments—represented by an entire gallery in "The Responsive Eye"—is the rapid and unprecedented spread of painting in unrelieved black and white. These works are related both to the optical experiments of psychologists and to those carried on in the graphic-design departments of art academies and universities in several countries.

Nearly all of the devices that induce active responses in black and white function also for colour, so the optical painter has at his command a new vocabulary of "nonexistent" phenomena. Some of them are as dynamic as any produced by physical motion—more intense because they are caused by a static image. Both poles of a contradiction between appearance and physical fact are presented simultaneously. Hard edges soften, wave, fluctuate, and, because of periodic fatigue, or "bleaching," of the colour-sensitive cones in the retina, luminous shapes can be made to light up where they were never painted. Like cherubim they flash on and off in a rhythmic cycle around the painted shapes that gave them birth.

Aggressively fluctuating optical painting is the most publicized genre of perceptual art, but it is by no means the only kind. Ad Reinhardt, former caricaturist and perennial commentator on the New York art scene, is the leading exponent of what could be called "invisible" painting, because a casual or disinterested spectator can pass it by in the belief that the entire canvas is covered in one unbroken tone.

In 1918, the Russian Suprematist Malevich painted a white square on a white background, but his square was activated by being tipped diagonally and asymmetrically. Reinhardt's latest canvases are entirely symmetrical, all alike, all square, and all painted in black on black. Only in the proper light, and after the eyes have accommodated to very slight tonal distinctions as they do to a dimly lit room can the doubly symmetrical cross that trisects each side of each canvas be discerned.

Another group of painters, of which Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland were among the first, is included in "The Responsive Eye." Like banners, their large, heraldic images share a dependence on original and striking juxtapositions of colour, a reduction of shape to simple units and combinations, and what Clement Greenberg calls a "clarity and openness" that minimizes the importance of the frame. They paint without the textures and gestures of the Abstract Expressionists, but also without the precision and calculated effects of the optical painters. Often the acrylic pigment now commonly used is soaked into unsized cotton duck as if it were a dye. And in contrast with both the American optical artists and the Europeans of the Nouvelle Tendance group, who work in metal and plastic more often than paint, the colour imagists are free, poetic, even romantic in approach.

There are other talented perceptual artists who stand alone, such as Yaacov Agam, the originator of painted reliefs designed to be rearranged by the spectator, but best known for his unique paintings with surfaces serrated at forty-five degrees. As one passes by them the first composition, seen from one side, gradually gives way to a complex vibratory effect at the centre, which in turn disappears into a third composition seen from the opposite side.

The many new visual experiences produced by two-dimensional images are extended and compounded in reliefs and free-standing constructions. Unlike traditional sculpture these objects do not exist for their true physical form but for their effect in perception. The two-dimensional vocabulary of geometric shapes, lines, and dots is augmented or replaced by shadows and highlights from projections and depressions, or reflections, refractions, and other optical effects gained by a variety of materials.

One of the most dramatic extensions of optical painting is the superimposition of one image, painted on glass or plastic, over another. Interacting with each other the two patterns of lines, dots, concentric circles, or other "periodic structures" generate curving images known as "moiré fringes," from the French term for watered silk. These can be seen in motion when looking through the folds of a transparent curtain or through the overlapped centre of an adjustable window screen.

It is difficult to determine precisely why these beautiful forms appear, but they are at present being studied and employed by both artists and scientists.

Underlying moiré, however, is a single phenomenon that has frequently been demonstrated in diagrams of geometrical illusions. It occurs whenever two ruled lines cross at an angle of about thirty degrees or less. Both lines seem to break at the intersection, widening the smaller angles. At the same time, if the angle is small enough, its apex clots with black, much as if two wet ink lines had bled into each other. "The lines," as Gerald Oster (the most intensive investigator of moiré) writes, "appear pinched as though two wires had been twisted around each other. . . . When many parallel lines cross, as in the case of overlapped grids, the eye unconsciously searches the field and ties together these preferred points of intersection."

The historical roots of the various perceptual tendencies are widely spread and extend outside the confines of the fine arts. One important development, with dual origins in art and science, begins on the one hand with the colour research of Young, Helmholtz, Chevreul,

and Rood, who pioneered in the study of colour vision, and on the other with the paintings of Monet, Pissarro, and Cézanne who, it would appear quite independently, devised a method of painting that utilized the same principles analyzed by the scientists. A temporary union of art and science took place in the work of the Neo-Impressionists, but it was quickly dissolved by the surge of avant-garde styles that followed.

Another line, solely scientific, is made up of hundreds of research reports by Gestalt psychologists and experimental psychologists who studied optical illusions by the use of black-and-white diagrams. Any diagram employs the means of abstract painting, and on an elevated level every abstract painting is a sort of diagram. Yet the experiments of psychologists and the creations of artists had minimal effect on each other until recently.

Almost the same thing could be said of communication between painters and designers in such schools as The Cooper Union in New York, where the work of advanced painting students seems totally unaffected by the exciting experiments in colour and abstract design carried out in first-year design classes. It is only recently that a meeting ground is being established on which artists, designers, ophthalmologists, and scientists can meet to expand our knowledge and enjoyment of visual perception and explore its effect on our lives.

The visual impact of mechanization, modular building, automation, and cybernetics everywhere around us, has also influenced perceptual art. The redundant structures of science and technology are just those that stimulate visual responses. During the first half of the century geometric painting repeatedly approached the serial relationships that activate perception, but the idea with which geometry was associated—intellectuality, Greek classicism, social organization, and mystical idealism—prevented abstract painting from addressing itself expressly to vision. Yet several times between 1914 and 1918 Mondrian employed plus-and-minus arrangements and grids like those used today.

The absence of the images of man and nature in abstract art has often been bewailed; those who wish can now mourn even the ideological vestiges left in their wake. With the extrinsic aims of art absorbed by his means, the technologically oriented perceptual artist speaks of the units repeated in his work as "information," and their arrangement as "programming."

We have reached a time when, as Michael Noll of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey has demonstrated, visual images can be created by the electronic computer. Programmed to handle the horizontal and vertical bars used by Mondrian, the computer was able to produce a series of similar compositions, each an instantaneous image on film, in a gradation from uniformity of structure to total randomness. Already used by composers of electronic music, the computer may also become an important medium of the painter, sculptor, and designer.

Although the spontaneous combustion of perceptual art is surely more than a passing phase, it is difficult to assess the worth of any creative efflorescence in the midst of the publicity-and-money-drugged Walpurgisnacht that the art world has become. For one contingent, surely, "Op" is nothing but the newest kick, to be sold, bought, capsulized, or otherwise exploited before it is supplanted. The complement of this view dismisses optical art as just another gimmick, hardly worth noting because it will soon have run its course.

Another criticism would assert that in purely optical art the last vestige of higher meaning is shed. Like alcohol or drugs, it provides nothing beyond sensation. Indeed, even the negation of sensation has become a goal. At least three New York critics have called attention to the "cool," disenchanted stance of certain hip young painters. Whether representational or abstract, it is said they are symptomatic of a passive nihilism focused, expressly, on nothing. Their negation is not the pregnant void of the oriental or mediaeval mystics, the bitter negation of Dada, or even the blackness of Reinhardt, which still radiates a dark emanation. The New York nothingness of 1965, it seems, is divested of even this penumbra.

It is possible that, fascinating though it is, the art of the eye and nothing but the eye—only one compartment of perceptual art—is indeed a dead end, as one of its most intelligent early practitioners has decided. But it is also possible that its potentialities are as rich as the values it leaves behind. A full utilization of the powers of simple shapes and colours could alter our environment. Without question this is a truly new mode, less of expression than of effect—an art of stimulus and response.

In a score of directions, some quite unrelated to the arts, the connection of perception with broader human experiences is under study. We can not yet estimate the potential of static or moving images for the alteration of consciousness. How far beyond retinal excitation or a feeling of vertigo can perceptual effects be projected? Why is it that Albers' paintings, "Homage to the Square," or Reinhardt's "quietistic" paintings arouse a mood of tranquillity and sacredness for many thoughtful spectators?

One evaluation at least can be made with some certainty: the many varieties of perceptual art constitute a major advance in the grammar and syntax of the arts. These works have called the attention of a new generation of artists and students to truths about lines, shapes, and colours that most of their precursors hardly suspected.

In the world of 1913 this could have led to a movement with the importance and duration of Cubism, Expressionism, or Surrealism; but in the atmosphere of 1965 it is a question whether any new movement, tendency, or style can withstand the public onslaught for long.





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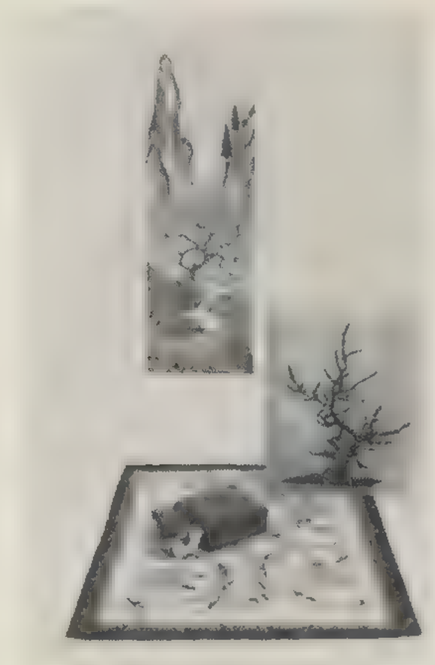
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VOGUE'S

Talking about needlepoint—
what to look for, where to find it



Needlepoint is back, more popular than ever. Herewith, a rundown on some of our favourite shops, where you can have a piece of needlepoint done for you, or find everything you need—from canvas to thimble—to do it yourself.

Mazaltov, 758 Madison Avenue—a large, established shop which specializes in copying, with specially matched yarns, the muted hues of pieces from as far back as the fifteenth century. Here also, some amusing rug patterns ideal for a child's room.

Mona Spoor, 32 East 68th Street—Miss Spoor was a painter before she became interested in needlepoint and paints exquisite needlepoint canvasses. She will reproduce designs—from a photograph, for example—or will create designs from your suggestions.

Rosetta Larsen, 22 East 69th Street—a shop which specializes in needlepoint rugs and folding screens. A staff is on hand to do a piece from specified designs or help you start or finish your own.

Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street—two young men, Barnes and Blake, have recently opened a boutique with some of the most colourful embroidery and needlepoint in town. One whimsical design features a single grinning bee; an easy idea for a beginner is their small wooden whatnot box, the top to embroider.

Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue—a large, bustling shop with a marvellous selection of yarns and canvasses. All custom needlework is offered here, and a staff of experts to teach you how to do it yourself. Just in case . . . they'll finish work for you.

Woolwork's, 783 Madison Avenue—a spanking new shop with an extraordinary choice of yarn colours; they can duplicate any colour and match old pieces. Their specialty is contemporary furniture incorporating needlepoint canvasses; and throw-pillow designs run all the way from brilliant anemones to the American flag.

SHOP HOUND

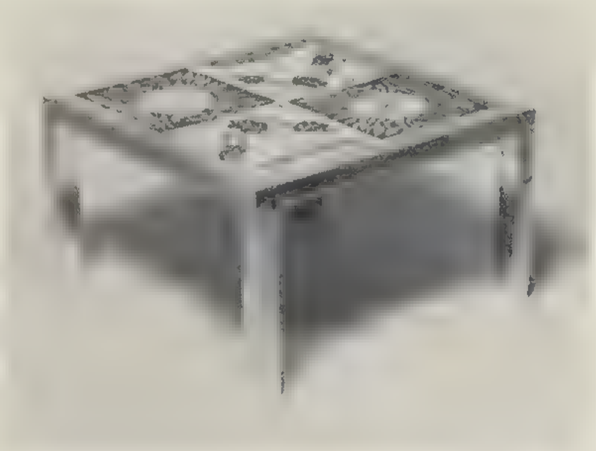


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A table in stitches
Floral-abstract canvas tops a low, polished brass table. Canvas in various designs, approx. 26″ sq.; $85 including yarn. Table, approx. 30″ sq., 18″ high; $250 with fitting of canvas and glass top. Woolwork's, Inc., 783 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



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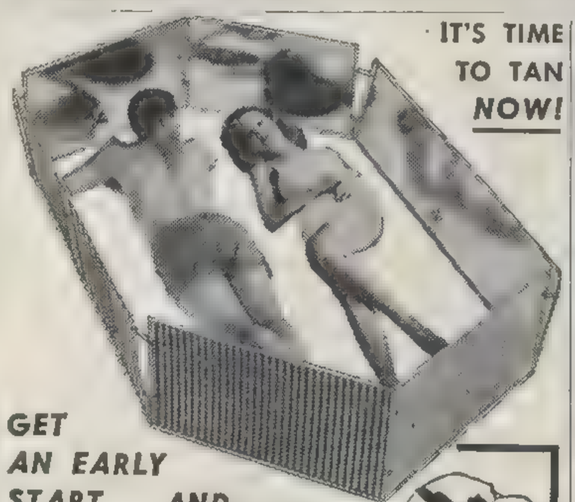
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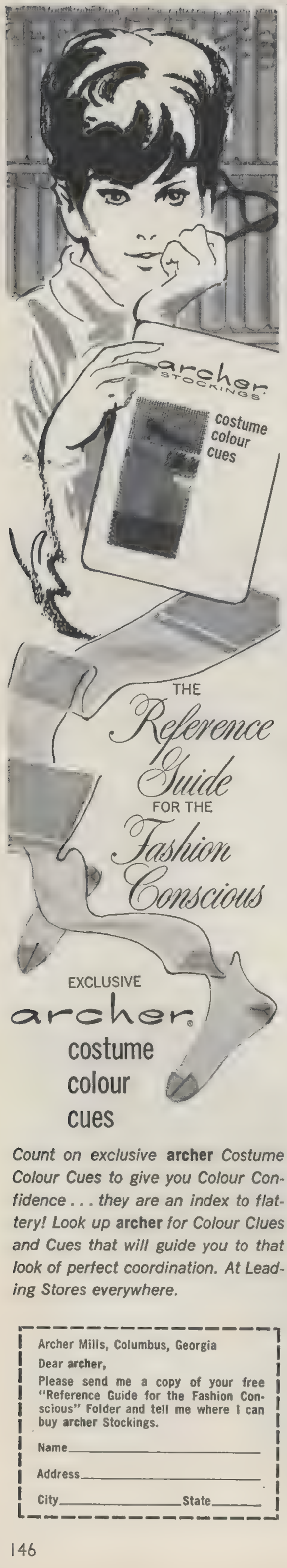




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Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 124)

divine figure—you're not so bad, but you're not divine, my friend—you could wear a Body Stocking. So let's forget *that.* What you need is a pantie girdle fairly long in the legs, but we've got to get the length just right, so when you sit down in your shorter skirt the girdle-leg doesn't appear." Sensing the gloom induced by this image, she quickly adds: "Long-legged and medium-long girdles can be very pretty, very light—and really more comfortable than short ones." Advising you to avoid a tight squeeze at the girdle waistline—because that forces the formation of a roll above the waist—she urges you to be certain about getting one that's more wide-waisted than not. As for garters. "Nothing to it. Simply reverse the grips and they'll be invisible." . . . "But there's another approach to consider, too," she goes on. This consists of sheer, waist-length stockings, such as those by Solar, over which you wear a pantie girdle.

Turning fully to stockings she tells you next about some so-called chemise stockings that come in the classic stocking shades, but have been narrowed in the depth of welting at the top, for the sake of shorter skirts. (Berkshire's baby, she says.) Among the more flattering of the patterned stockings are fine, thin stockings with vertical ribs—and some of these come with clear heels now. Asked whether any stocking is capable of faking the look of firm calf-muscle-tone—in other words a very "containing" stocking—your informant tells you that almost every major stocking house makes a supporting stocking now which could truly be called ultra-sheer. (One she cites is by Cameo.) . . . Throwing in one final piece of advice, she says: "Darkened knees look heavy. Scrub yours with beauty grains or a mild complexion-bleaching product, and oil them up with body lotion."

Then, to wrap up the question of exercise, with emphasis on knees and legs, you visit three New York experts.

(Continued on page 147)

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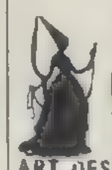
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2-15-65

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 146)

First stop: Elizabeth Arden's famous and shapely Miss Craig, exercise queen of the New York salon, who says: "Knees that get fat are knees that don't bend enough. Women don't have to climb stairs the way they used to. . . . Bend, bend, bend. Run up and down stairs. . . . For reducing legs, the main thing is to exercise with legs up in air. Japanese sit on knees. That's why they can wear dresses with slits up sides; the muscles in their thighs never get flabby."

Second stop: Manya Kahn, a brilliant New York salonist, whose beat is Body Rhythms followed by deep-heat therapy, then a tingling shower. Sample body rhythm for legs: Sit on floor, half reclining on hands in back of you, palms down. Bend knees toward chest, toes pointed, chin up. Stretch legs upward, head tilted back. Lower legs to floor. Roll torso on right hip and thigh. Bend left knee toward shoulder. Stretch leg upward, then lower slowly down. . . . Switch to left side, roll torso on left hip and thigh. Do every action five times, taking deep breath as you begin the motion, exhaling as you finish it.

Third stop: Kenneth's salon, where the articulate exercise maestro, Robert Fitzgerald, holds that legs are the easiest body equipment to tone and to shape. Why do we have ugly knees? Because we do not know how to stand or walk correctly. . . . Sample thigh-firmer called "The Bridge": Keeping feet, shoulders, and head flat on floor, lift hips and support with hands. Extend right leg straight and low, raise and lower ten times. Repeat with left leg.

And finally: You get cracking on the rest of your isometric exercises. The ones for arms, chest, abdomen, and what a friend has, since childhood, referred to delicately as the afney. You keep one eye on the scale. You keep the fruit juices and yoghurts flowing. And you move your whole self around because that takes care of glow.

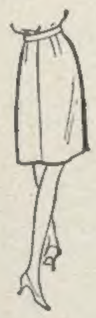
And finally, finally: You decide that even if the day comes when clothes revert to the kind of yardage prevalent in 1947, you're still ahead. By fitting yourself to the small mould, by tailoring your body to the small proportion of the present, you'll always be confident that when it comes to keeping fashionably warm, there is after all nothing like a bikini.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from page 140)



6408



1417



6037

Left: Shirt and skirt. Vogue Pattern 6408. Sizes 10-18. For size 14, shirt requires 2 yds. of 54″ fabric without nap; skirt requires 2½ yds. of 58″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada: $1.65. *Centre:* Skirt, Vogue International Couturier Design 1417. By Simonetta. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 1¾ yds. of 58″ fabric without nap. $2.50. In Canada: $2.75. *Right:* Jersey shirt, Vogue Pattern 6037. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yds. 54″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada: $1.65.

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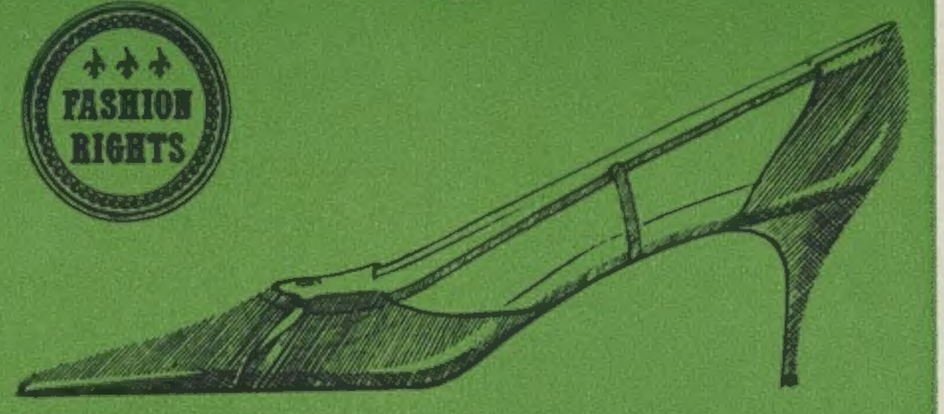
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Virginia Kilroy, Fashion Director

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Tip Sheet

(Continued from page 64)

hour. Particularly delicious in the evening: Mrs. Edward Kennedy in satiny, slim, high-waisted white pants and a flamenco blouse of organza, with starched ruffles on voluminous sleeves. . . . Mrs. David Naylor-Leyland in gold-buckled mules, black crêpe pants; auburn hair gleaming against a white crêpe tunic. It's to Mrs. Naylor-Leyland's shop, Amandita, by the way, that one goes for the most enchanting smocked children's dresses from Spain—then to the dressmaker to have them duplicated for oneself in the same white piqué or dotted Swiss. . . . Last word about pants in Palm Beach: some of the most luxurious are at Salon Français, where three attractive young Cuban sisters are currently having a terrific success with Chanel's famous lamé and chiffon pyjama.

BIGGEST RAINY-DAY SUCCESS: The poplin jumpsuit and matching pale-mink-lined coat shown in September 1 Vogue—ordered by a dozen women at around $3,000 a splash.

A GREAT FURRIER'S MOST ASKED-FOR COAT: his own. Emeric Partos is the furrier, and what his clients are wild about is an all-fur version of the small, correct, double-breasted seal-collared "impresario" coat he wears every day. So far, he's done it in white Indian lamb, black broadtail, black seal, ponyskin, mink, mink, mink—neatest little seven-eighths skimp coat imaginable.

"BEING ROMANTIC AND FEMININE IS IN," said a young voice (as if it were news!) . . . Witness the vapour stream of young beauties in chiffon this season—Mrs. Howard Oxenburg in bias layers of peachy pink that sweep to the back; Mrs. Gardner Cowles in strapless white chiffon dappled in deepening greys; Miss Nonie Phipps in asymmetric vermilion with one shoulder bare. . . . Witness the mob scene at Kenneth's before parties, and not just for coiffures; a real evening face—the whiter and pearlier, the better—is the all-of-a-sudden rage. Fantasy make-ups? Coming on. Fake eyelashes? And how. As for evening hair: "loose, baroque, see-through curls moving around the head" in with a bang. . . . Witness the action at Adolfo's—chicerinos queuing up, having their hairpieces plaited into fat long pigtails, threaded with ribbon, jewelled with butterflies, stabbed with fresh unfurled pink camellias. . . . However: witness the adorable young Parisiennes in their ancient Flea Market nightshirts and long taffeta petticoats—the smasheroo look for evenings chez soi. . . . Witness the young British in evening dresses like two squares of fabric tacked at the shoulder. Conclusion: the In-est thing in fashion is an open mind.

PAIR OF YOUNG HAT-LOVES: the heavy, very open snood of navy-blue chenille with quivering little white flowers—taken up like a cause by the normally hatless New York young. . . . The bright red-leather bonnet cheering Park Avenue traffic—on a cyclist with Honda to match.

ZIPPIEST COAT IN TOWN: The black mink made for Mrs. Frederick Eberstadt by Jacques Kaplan. Zips everywhere, into everything—coat to the ground, day-length coat, long-sleeved jacket, unsleeved pullover.

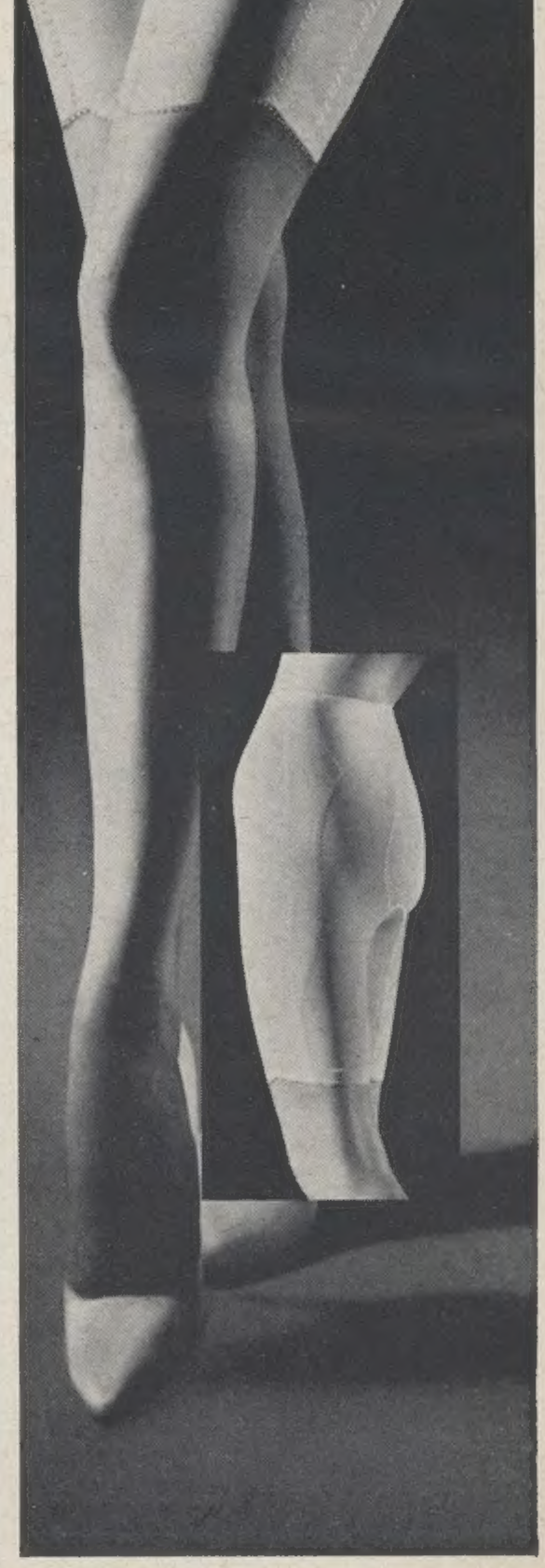
FANTAISIE GOING FULL-TILT FOR EVENING. . . . At the same party: Scaasi's amusing all-over flutter of white ostrich feathers and the same designer's solidly taupe-feathered skirt spreading out from a pale, covered bodice of grey-blue satin. . . . At a New York vernissage: the beautiful Italian in pyjamas of puffed black silk—not raising a single eyebrow. The feeling for ornamentation is really on now.

FIZZ OF TURQUERIE CATCHING IN ITALY. . . . In his new collection, Valentino will do palazzo pyjamas with Oriental turbans and jewelled slippers.

FULLNESS COMING TO AMERICAN SKIRTS FOR DAY. . . . Real width and flow to the next Norell hemlines. "Bulk looks new and very good down on the legs," he told Vogue on the eve of his spring collection . . . watch for it in these pages, March 15.

Swing! for skimp dresses. Trims back hip top. Slims thigh 1-3/4". Erases tummy. Weighs 4 ozs.! 12.95. Leisure Life Collection.

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Photographed by Art Kane

What a beautiful leggy look is all about! "Queen of Diamonds" by Van Raalte

Sheer Stockings, exquisitely patterned in the Fashion Colors of Spring

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Up to now you had to be born with this hair color...

(you couldn't buy it for love or money)



MoonHaze™, the newest Miss Clairol®... so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

Radiant, fresh-looking as a kid! That's how she looks *now* and she loves it! Yet just a few months ago, she felt she was losing her looks. Her hair, always her loveliest feature, seemed to be fading, looked dull, mousey. So she tried new MoonHaze. This is the wonderfully cool and lively true ash blonde that many women were born with and would love to have again –but only Miss Clairol has been able to perfect!

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